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Adventures in Editing

BY BLISS PERRY

EARLY in July, 1899, I had joined Arthur L. Wheeler —then of Yale and afterward a professor of Latin at Bryn Mawr and Princeton—in a fishing trip into the "unorganized township" of Ferdinand, in the northeastern corner of Vermont. It was a wild country, then, with only a few blind "tote-roads." We had to pack our blankets and provisions and go in by compass, among the primeval hemlocks. We slept under a bark "lean-to," discovered some streams wholly new to us, and came out after ten days, ragged, unshaven, and completely happy. When we reached Greensboro, MacGregor Jenkins, Williams, '90, and already the business manager of the *Atlantic Monthly*, was smoking his pipe on the front porch of the boarding-house. Having had no answer to his telegrams, he had come up from Boston to offer me the editorship of the magazine.

BLISS PERRY

It appeared that Walter Hines Page had suddenly resigned. Since 1895 Page had been assisting Horace E. Scudder—the editor of the *Atlantic* and "literary adviser" to Houghton Mifflin and Company —and had finally succeeded Scudder as editor on August 1, 1898. But now, he wished to return to New York to become the managing editor of a new and vast publishing enterprise—a projected consolidation of the house of Harper and Brothers and the Doubleday and McClure Company. In this emergency, a new editor of the *Atlantic* was needed at once. I had never met any member of the firm of Houghton Mifflin and Company, the owners of the magazine, although I knew Mr. Scudder slightly, and had seen a little of Page when he was editing the *Forum*. But Jenkins informed me that his employers had corresponded with various persons in New York and elsewhere who had recommended me for the editorship. I never learned who they were, but the gambling instinct must have been strong in all of them.

For I was wholly without journalistic experience. I had done editorial work for publishers, had contributed to various periodicals, and was the author of three or four small volumes of fiction; but the idea of editing a magazine had never occurred to me. It meant a break with the profession for which I had been trained and to which I was devoted. I do not think that my temperament was restless, and certainly my first impulse—as with my call from Williams to Princeton—was to decline. But "Mac," even in his early thirties a ripe diplomatist, persuaded me to smoke a few pipes over his proposal. Possibly, in my thirty-ninth year, I was susceptible to flattery, and it was pleasant to be asked to sail the boat on which I had been once or twice an inconspicuous passenger, and whose great captains of the past—Lowell, Fields, Howells, and Aldrich —I had idealized since childhood. The *Atlantic Monthly* had become one of the traditions of New England, and now, according to Jenkins, it was facing a problem which I alone could solve!

On the first day of August I walked into Page's office again, and told him that I had bought the sawmill. I suspect that he thought I should live to repent the bargain, but he gave me his blessing and started for New York in quest of his own rainbow—for the huge publishing combination never materialized as planned, and Page contented himself by creating a new type of magazine in the *World's Work* and by a partnership with F. N. Doubleday. Fourteen years later, after notable service to many public causes, he was appointed by President Wilson as our Ambassador to Great Britain.

The *Atlantic* office must have seemed to everyone a duller place after Page had gone. But the new editor was too busy to take note of atmospheric changes. He began, on the first morning, to dictate correspondence, though he had never dictated a letter in his life. He inherited from Page an energetic and confident assistant in W. B. Parker, a Harvard man just two years out of college, but already wise in the peculiarities of authors. Later I had as assistant the brilliant Ferris Greenslet, who has since risen to such high position as a publisher, although at the sacrifice of his early career as biographer and critic. When our proof-readers at The Riverside Press posed problems too subtle for an inexperienced editor to solve, I could fall back upon the trained instinct of Miss Susan Francis, then a reader of manuscript for the House, but formerly the assistant of Fields, Howells, and Aldrich. It was she, who, as Field's assistant long before, had discovered in a chance copy of the *Overland Monthly* Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" and called her chief's attention to the new author; and it was she who, when Aldrich was studying vintages in Hungary, had to delete on her own responsibility certain passages from Hardy's "Two on a Tower"—then running serially—to

(*Continued on next page*)

Next Week

VEIN OF IRON
By ELLEN GLASGOW
Reviewed by James Boyd

STRANGE PASSAGE
By THEODORE IRWIN
Reviewed by Alvah C. Bessie

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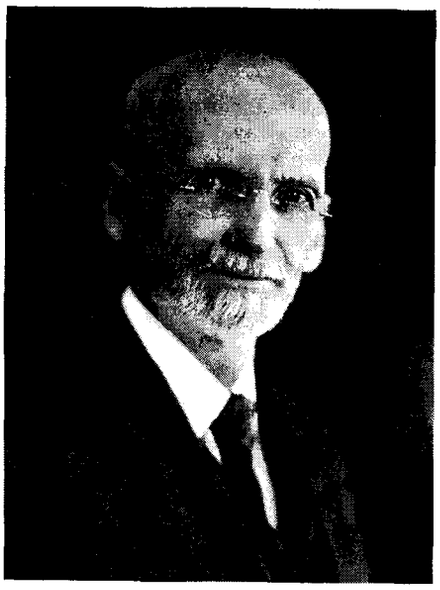
avoid offending the decorums of that era. No one in the office told me that Miss Francis had edited the best modern edition of Lockhart's "Life of Scott," but even the office-boys knew that she had rejected the manuscript of "David Harum" because it was "vulgar"—an opinion which Mr. Page, the other reader, had unluckily shared!

Mr. Aldrich himself now resumed his former habit of dropping into the office frequently. Perched upon the edge of a chair, as if about to take flight, he would



GAMALIEL BRADFORD

often linger by the hour, entertaining me with his caustic wit and his keen shop-talk about the mysteries of editing. Himself a fastidious composer and reviser of verse and prose, he was severely critical of most contemporary writing. He pleased me once by saying of one of my own contributions to the *Atlantic*, "That was a well-written essay"; but he added, "You will find that you used a superfluous 'of' upon the second page." More than once I have heard him declare that he would have rejected Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" if it had been offered to the *Atlantic*—so extreme was his dislike for the phrase "reeking tube and iron shard." Miss Jewett, who was present at one of these diatribes, interrupted him gently: "Yes, T. B., but you must remember that Kipling, after all, goes down to the sea in ships and does business in great waters." The one American poem which Aldrich would have most liked to write was, he said, Emerson's "Bacchus"—where, amid inimitable felicities, there are surely harsh lines enough.

During that bachelor winter in Boston, when I had Monday and Tuesday evenings free, I got my first taste of the hospitality of Beacon Hill. The Aldriches, who were then living at 59 Mount Vernon Street, were very cordial: I remember particularly one supper with Ellen Terry and Henry Irving after a performance of "Becket," and how surprised I was at the lines of old age in Miss Terry's face, and at the astonishing vigor of Irving and Bram Stoker as the men adjourned after supper to Aldrich's den on the top floor and spun yarns until three o'clock in the morning. I recall also a big dinner there in honor of Mark Twain, and how he and Aldrich, at opposite ends of the long table, chaffed each other with such rapid-fire wit that the rest of us kept silent to enjoy it. I never saw either man in such high spirits again. Mrs. Henry Whitman—so vividly sketched by "Jack" Chapman in "Memories and Milestones"—was hospitable also. I was duly presented to Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Pratt, the brilliant daughters of Rufus Choate, and to Julia Ward Howe, who still liked to be asked to recite her "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Sarah Orne Jewett was spending the winter with Mrs. James T. Fields, at the once famous Fields home at 148 Charles Street. Both Mrs. Fields and Miss Jewett, in their zeal for the super-refinement of the *Atlantic*, urged me to make an arrangement with the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by which I could reprint, each month, twenty-five or thirty pages of French! "Mac's" reaction to this delicious suggestion may be imagined. Oddly enough, though we received plenty of comment upon each number of the *Atlantic*, the most helpful and constructive criticism came, not from veteran editors like Alden, Gilder, Burlingame, and Mabie, all of whom were most encouraging, but from my younger friend Edward W. Bok, who was then creating the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but who had no desire to see the *Atlantic* made in that image.

As a matter of fact, it had been Howells, rather than Scudder and Page, who had transformed a "Bostonian" magazine into an American magazine. We had, if I remember rightly, more subscribers in Wisconsin and Michigan than in Massachusetts, and when we made up a California number—using only our regular contributors from that State—we might easily have chosen a dozen other states for the experiment. Beacon Hill opinion of the *Atlantic* was negligible. We were able to print only about three per cent of the unsolicited manuscripts. About half of the papers in each number were by writers who contributed more or less regularly and with whose plans the editor tried to keep in touch; one quarter were on subjects directly proposed by the editor, and the remaining quarter were unsolicited gifts of the gods. Any package of manuscripts deposited on my desk by the indefatigable W. B. Parker—after he had weeded out the obviously unfit offerings—might conceivably contain another "Battle Hymn of the Republic" or another "To Have and to Hold." My green bag was a Pandora's box, and any one of the strange company of men and women who drifted into the inner office in order to present their manuscripts in person might be a second Keats or a Charlotte Brontë for all the office-boy could tell. But they never were!

The circulation of the *Atlantic*, even under Page's vigorous editorship, was only about eleven or twelve thousand copies; and, if I remember rightly, the largest printing in my decade of service was twenty-three thousand copies, to supply the news-stands with Grover Cleveland's articles on "The Independence of the Executive." The great increase in circulation did not come until the World War. Nevertheless, at the turn of the century, in spite of the rivalry of low-priced magazines and the beginnings of highly sensational and "muck-raking" journalism, the old *Atlantic*, devoted as its cover proclaimed, "to Literature, Science, Art, and Politics," was making substantial progress. Page had bequeathed to me, as a serial, Mary Johnston's "To Have and to Hold," and though I have always been sceptical as to the real value of serial fiction to a monthly magazine, that story was precisely in the romantic vein of the hour. Page and Jenkins knew it would prove to be a success as soon as they found the stenographers borrow-

ALICE BROWN

ing the galley proofs to read during the luncheon hour. None of the later serials which I sponsored—Miss Jewett's "The Tory Lover," Miss Johnston's "Audrey," Arthur S. Hardy's "His Daughter First," Robert Herrick's "The Common Lot," Mary Austin's "Isidro," Margaret Sherwood's "The Coming of the Tide," May Sinclair's "The Helpmate," and Alice Brown's "Rose Macleod"—though they

(*Continued on page* 11)

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Workers of the Soil

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST, By Eleanor Blake. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1935. $2.

SECOND GROWTH. By Arthur Pound. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $2.50.

SEED OF THE LAND. By Isabel Stewart Way. New York: Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

IT sometimes seems hard on new writers that of nearly every type of fiction possible we have already at least one Great Example. It is unfair to Eleanor Blake that readers will say of her novel, "This was done long ago, and much better by Knut Hamsun." The greatness of

ELEANOR BLAKE

"Growth of the Soil" should not react unfavorably on this lesser book. There is no greater story to tell than that of a man and woman fighting both against and with natural forces, again and again plowed under but always thrusting out new life into the furrows, and if all who tell it do so honestly and as well as they are able, a library grows which is well worth owning. That we already know other Scandinavian couples is all the more reason for recognizing and welcoming Martin and Else, a man and woman who face life with nothing but their bare hands to sustain them.

These two, and Else's family, have been transplanted from the old country to Michigan but change seems to affect Norwegians very little. They have a deep core of rich simplicity, an inner oneness with the universe which sophistication cannot reach to cheapen. Else bakes her bread, pumps her water, bears her children, moans, shows temper, breaks often into shouts of laughter; she is like a brook pouring itself out, never looking back toward the source to see how much of the supply remains to be spent. Else is both creature and symbol, as the woman of such a book must be. She alone makes the book absorbing. But there is also Martin who when he said his son should right the load of hay, saw that he rode there. Martin did not see much in his house, nor in his family; Martin was three-quarters blind to all but land and cattle, but when he did see a catastrophe loom, moved to avert it, unalarmed, patient, plodding, kind. No farming neighborhood but knows such men with something wonderfully sound in them, like great stones half-buried in the ground. And there are Else's parents who liked to watch her take out the flower stand and set the plant pots on it, after their last days had come upon them:

> Here in the dim, wood-smelling shelter, she came on the flower stand that Olai had built for his mother when they had moved into the new house. . . .
>
> The flowers that gave brightness to the house in winter, dull and scant-leaved as they were through being long shut up, came to growing thick and sturdy in the summer months. It had always been Mother's work, and her pleasure, too, to move the pink begonias and the white and red geraniums and the yellow primroses, and the purple and red bell-flowered fuchsia plants, out to their summer place. Well, it would be Else's work now, and she must see to it that she did it right.

Thereafter follow passages that show beyond doubt what a watchful and tender craftsman conceived this old woman who saw the flowers brought forth and the young woman, overworked, pregnant, but through all vital, who came bringing them and set them in the sun. Death, life, sun, wind, color, hope, despair, eagerness, reluctance,—they are all here, making a book which, for all its touches of immaturity, will not quickly be forgotten by anyone who reads it.

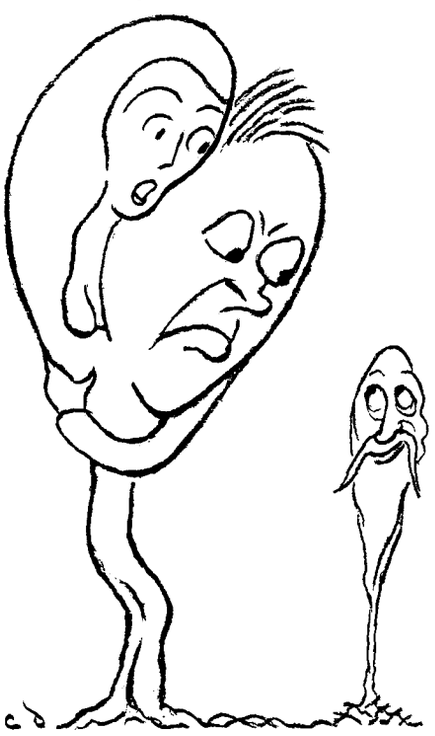
Yet that these ingredients alone do not insure living fiction is proven by the second novel of the group, "Second Growth." In such a family as Captain John Mark's scarcely any combinations of character are wanting. Here too are the old, the young, the warped, the broken, the proud, the self-reliant, the eternal optimists, and everything happens which must happen to a large family through the course of the years. The Marks pay for past transgression and pave the way for future retribution. Here are the professional man, the business man, the farmer, the artist, and the home-maker, the salesgirl, the woman's rights advocate. It is the stuff of life but does not become life, perhaps because the author has thought too long about how many elements go to make it up. There is only Mark Section to hold these people together and they are too far away from it to feel its grip. They wander all over the face of the globe like a span of horses when the rein is broken and we are restive in knowing that it was not the wish of the author so to free them. The book is competent, full of exposition and considerable detail, yet nobdy lives in it but the Captain himself and even he seems as if he had been caught with his good years gone and his blood grown pale and thin. You study him regretfully, as you would look at the photograph of an old man, now dead, knowing that were he alive and at your shoulder, he would say, "That is not like me. My head down like that—the wrinkles—I was not like that. At least, not long. Here, let me show you a picture taken when I was twenty-three."

Third of the group, "Seed of the Land," is little more than an easy-running story. It is agreeable enough to read again of a lovely girl and an unlovely girl, both involved in the life of one man, and what came of the association, but we miss character drawing. Rubanah, who should have been all Else was and more, lacks the universality of the Norwegian woman and is given no intricate personal delineation to take its place. The other people in the story have only names by which they may be identified. Reading, one feels the book is wanting nearly every quality of power, depth, pride, passion, and still serenity which contact with the earth might have been expected to reflect upon it.

Gladys Hasty Carroll is author of "As the Earth Turns," one of the most successful and able of recent American novels of the soil. Her book has recently been dramatized and presented as a pageant in the Maine town where she is passing the summer.

Be You Secret

By CLARENCE DAY



Happy girls and ardent boys,
Be you secret in your joys,
Lest some aged Fleur de Mal
Interrupt your madrigal.

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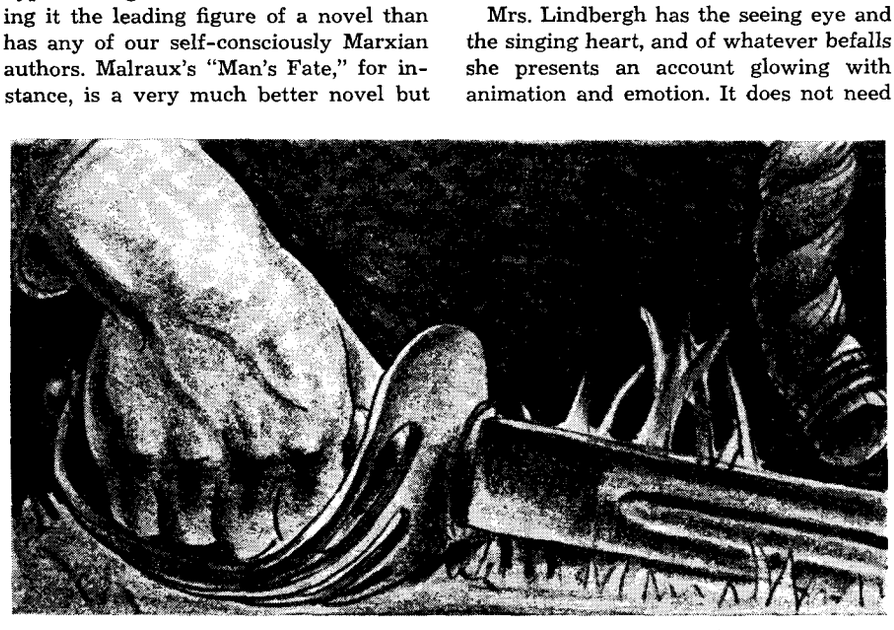
A Proletarian Revolution

THE WEDGE. By Herman Deutsch. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

A PICTURE of Mexican life from the last years of Diaz to the advent of Obregon is centered about the story of Desiderio Triano, the boy who fought with one of Villa's columns and grew up to be one of the most promising artists of the Mexican Renaissance. The author gives due credit to Mr. Alferez, who not only sets the key for the book with his illustrations but furnished a good deal of the material in reminiscences of his service in revolutionary armies; and as a chronicle of the adolescence of an artist in time of revolution the book has much interest. It would have been more effective if there had been no attempt to give it a plot; Desiderio's love affair hardly seems real, and his death is one of those pointless tragedies so common in life and so hard to reproduce effectively in fiction.

But you will be held—at any rate this reviewer, who does not know much about Mexico was held—by the story of the revolution which went on and on, rejecting one after another of its leaders when he failed to realize its aims; by the dramatization of various points of view, even if they are more in the style of a Socratic dialogue than of creative fiction; and by the character of Desiderio's father, Don Jaime, the commercial artist and skeptical sympathizer with the revolution. Don Jaime is by far the best figure in the book but the real protagonist is the Revolution itself; Mr. Deutsch seems to have had no aim but to set down things as they appeared to him, but he has come nearer to hypostatizing a mass movement and making it the leading figure of a novel than has any of our self-consciously Marxian authors. Malraux's "Man's Fate," for instance, is a very much better novel but its characters were violently individualistic, almost eccentric bourgeois who regarded the proletariat as the missionary regarded the heathen; the leading figures of "The Wedge" are bourgeois too, but behind and overruling their doings is the relentless drive of the mass will, blindly fumbling, but tremendous and implacable. But perhaps the difference is that the revolution in Mexico was really proletarian.



PENCIL SCULPTURE BY ENRIQUE ALFÉREZ FOR "THE WEDGE"

The Seeing Eye

NORTH TO THE ORIENT. By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MRS. LINDBERGH'S characterization of her book as "an anomalous collection of chapters . . . purporting to be an account of an air voyage" is far from doing justice to what is a peculiarly charming work. A chronicle of the flight made by her husband and herself from New York to Tokyo by way of the Arctic Sea, it is a record of travel that translates experience in terms of mood rather than of fact. Somehow Mrs. Lindbergh has managed to pinion the romantic excitement of a trip that recaptured to an extent the elation early travellers must have known who took their ways over uncharted seas to unknown lands and made landfalls where wind and chance decreed. It was inevitable, of course, that the narrative of their journey by the wife of the greatest flier of the world and the most famous man of his generation should attract attention. But "North to the Orient" has an interest quite apart from any that is bestowed upon it by the celebrity of its authorship, an interest that derives not only from the unique experience it recounts but from the perceptiveness and grace of its author.

Mrs. Lindbergh has the seeing eye and the singing heart, and of whatever befalls she presents an account glowing with animation and emotion. It does not need the wastes of Greenland or the excitement of a forced landing on the waters of the Japanese coast to lend vivacity to her picture. The familiar landmarks of North Haven, Maine, which had won her heart in the holiday months of her childhood, take on the same glamour when viewed in the perspective of flight and recollection as do the inhospitable stretches of Seward Peninsula or the dramatic desolation of flooded Chinese lands. There is remembered suspense in her record, reminiscence of moments of doubt and hazard, but it is not so much in these tenser portions of her narrative as in those that recount the little episodes of radio sending, the meetings with Canadians or Eskimos, Chinese or Japanese, that its charm resides. An intuitive understanding of situation and person, a meditative mind, and a poetical apperceptiveness invest unimportant detail as well as significant happening with interest. A river, for instance, is not only a river to Mrs. Lindbergh.

> We have a great respect for rivers and usually they are kind to fliers. Sometimes it is just the exchange of a nod between travellers journeying over the same country. From Kansas City to St. Louis, there is the Missouri. It curls off in smooth circles to our right. We do not follow its course, but see it gleaming ahead in patches in the curves, like a skipping stone, coming up again and again. A line, a curve, a golden S, glinting, disappearing, glinting. What pleasure at rediscovery, like a recurring melody in music.

And of "the most beautiful pagoda in China" she says:

> The pagoda would have been beautiful by virtue of its setting alone, ringed as it was three times by land and water and land . . .
>
> And yet it was not only beautiful for its setting. It was beautiful in its very structure; one curved roof on another in a gently tapering tower—sloping roofs with petal-like eaves pointing upward, like the drooping bell of a lily. So that one's eye, although drawn inevitably upward, still retained the impression of those downward-sloping roofs. And the pleasure at the sight was the same as from listening to those climbing songs that rise and fall and rise again to a new height, the same figure repeated over again at a new peak. So the pagoda, although it was the embodiment of all peace and stillness, at the same time suggested growth.

Mrs. Lindbergh must have been one of the little girls who hang breathless over fairy tales, and who grew into maturity with a never entirely conquered belief, or at least an enduring hope, that the commonplace would produce the wonderful. And indeed for her the world even in its desolation as she saw it in Greenland is a lovely spot, warm and glowing with beauty. This is a thoroughly charming book. For it Mr. Lindbergh has supplied some beautifully detailed maps which serve most decoratively as headpieces to the chapters.

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Utopian and Martyr

THOMAS MORE. By R. W. Chambers. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

IN the four hundredth year after the martyrdom of Thomas More, and in the year of his canonization, a new biography was to be expected. When it was announced that its author would be Professor R. W. Chambers to whose scholarship all students of the sixteenth century are indebted, and whose labors on the edition of More's "English Works" and researches into More's life have made him a recognized authority, it was certain that the book would be worthy of the occasion. But this book needs to borrow no adventitious importance from the year of its publication. In the enthusiasm of the moment, one is tempted to say that this is the most brilliant writing about More by any modern scholar.

The additional details accumulated about More's life since Father Bridgett's standard biography in 1891 are here marshalled with such easy urbanity that only the alert reader will be aware how wide is the scholarship, how patient the research, how trained and mature the judgment wrought into this fluent narrative. The introductory thirty pages on the sources are a little masterpiece in the difficult art of criticism; perplexing questions of dating and iconography are settled skilfully, surely, and without dogmatism; the historical background is sketched with a breadth and soundness of independent judgment which should delight and astonish the reader. But these feats of scholarship are likely to escape notice, they are so subordinated to the main purpose of the book, a sensible interpretation of a character which has baffled some of the greatest English historians.

For this book goes straight to the heart of the important problem: How could the philosopher who described the states of his time as "nothing but a conspiracy of rich men, procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the commonwealth" have lent even his name to Henry VIII's "revolution of the rich against the poor" which made that description a grim reality in England? How could the dreamer of Utopia where not even atheism was punished by death, have been a persecuting chancellor and the bitter foe of heretics? For nearly a century these questions have been the beginning, and too often the end of all writing about Sir Thomas More. The conventional answer has been that this Janus-like aspect, half yearning towards an irretrievable past, half glimpsing a future impossibly remote, was explained by some lack of wholeness in More's character; that his jocular manner, his habit of irony covered an inner ambiguity and weakness. Under the spell of this conception it happened to this reviewer a year ago to write of a book on More under the caption "A man of many contradictions."

From this conventional estimate Professor Chambers sharply dissents. He undertakes instead to present his subject as a philosopher and statesman consistently faithful to his principles in life and death. In this reconstruction a long and loving familiarity with More's writings and a sound knowledge of their medieval background have served well, but most use has been made of a work with which all of us are, or ought to be, perfectly familiar—of the "Utopia" itself, of which his brief analysis should be printed hereafter as a preface to every edition. An examination of the facts serves to explode the myth of the persecuting chancellor, but it is the pages of the "Utopia" which refute the more persistent conception of the younger More as an indifferentist in religion and a libertarian in politics. From the "Utopia" also comes the clue to More's political career. It is argued there that the duty of a philosopher is not to withdraw from the sordid struggles of politics, but to associate himself with even the wickedest king in the hope of persuading him to better courses and "that which can not be turned to good, so to order that it be not very bad." In that belief, More accepted the chancellorship on Wolsey's fall and held it faithfully as long as there was any hope that moderate councils might prevail. When he saw that Henry was bent on a ruthless policy of greed and tyranny and national isolation, he resigned his office, prepared to die for that tradition of Christian unity for which he could no longer live.

THOMAS MORE

Some of these things have been said before but never so cogently. As a brilliant summation of modern scholarship this book compels the attention of every student of the Tudor period. As an eloquent interpretation of one of the greatest characters in history it should command a wider public. The civilization for which More fought stands today on the brink of that precipice towards which he saw it take the first step. At the beginning of modern property relations, he wrote: "So long as it [private property in the means of production—*i.e.*, in More's day, in land] continues, so long shall remain among the most and best part of men the heavy and inevitable burden of poverty and wretchedness." This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. And More's plea for peace and unity among the nations is echoed now in accents of despair by every politician who can see even as far as tomorrow. The long swing of the pendulum turns at last; we do not need More now to tell us that the exploitation of the poor by the rich brings its own penalty, or that in nationalist wars civilization may bleed to death. What we must ask of More is light for our own problems. Faced, like us, by an inevitable revolution, More was too wise to believe that a man can stop the wheel of change. But he refused to believe that it was inevitable that the revolution should take the course it took, that it should have to be established in hate and blood, by violence and oppression, with the ruthless destruction of so much of the best in the material and spiritual legacy of the past. More felt that it was humanly possible, by reason and good will, to guide and control the forces of history, to turn a great tradition into the paths of progress.

There must be, today, some who believe with More that reason and good will can be made to replace blind hatred and blind prejudice as the levers of society. In the study of More's life, though they may not learn how to avoid his fate, they will at least be heartened by his example. In the end, if life on this planet is not to be meaningless, reason and good will must triumph. Meanwhile, we need the inspiration of the martyrs of that faith.

Garrett Mattingly is a historian whose special interest is in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The Academia Publishing House of Moscow has recently issued in book form the correspondence between the composer Tchaikowski and his friend and patron Nathalie von Meck. Tchaikowski first aroused the interest of Nathalie von Meck as a struggling musician in 1876, and thenceforth for some twenty-five years she bestowed an annual allowance of about three thousand dollars upon him. In 1899, however, she became deranged, and believing that she was ruined, abruptly stopped her stipend to Tchaikowski. He was bitterly hurt and the breach occasioned by her act was never healed.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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If the Schools Go Cultural

THERE was a discussion in these columns some months ago of the apparent failure of our colleges, particularly our colleges for men, to make readers of books. It was upon the American college graduate that the publisher relied for his market, and the college graduate had not responded. He read many newspapers, some magazines, but few, very few books. And it was said then that the English departments of the colleges could not escape some responsibility for this unhappy state of affairs.

Some, but certainly not all. The bookless college graduates are by-products of a busy, bustling America with its mind on the problem of competitive production. As undergraduates, they believed that there was no time to read in college and would be less afterward, and since they felt that way there was no time. They learned how to loaf between spells of physical activity but not how to divert some of their leisure to the pleasurable activities of the intellect. Leisure as a problem was never presented to them.

It is a different America now, less busy, much less bustling, with hours of enforced labor growing shorter, and hours of enforced leisure growing longer. The problem now is not only how to work, but how to live while not working. And, in the absence of some great calamity, this problem will outlast our time.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the schools are going cultural again, and this is the most important literary news for years in America. Many in authority in the last few months have described this change as a necessity, and it may be assumed that the practice will soon follow even where it has not already begun. The "practical" school, the vocational school is doomed, except for the relatively few of special capacity who can certainly be absorbed by industry. Why give inefficient courses in carpentering, cooking, or journalism, when the adult world can take each year only a handful of graduates, who will learn far more quickly under conditions of actual paid employment? And why, to put it more philosophically, make a craft, a trade, or a technique a basis of education unless it is essential (as it clearly is not going to be in our time) to supply an ever increasing mass of semi-trained labor?

We are back, therefore, where we started in elementary education, and with as many problems unsolved. If the child—any child—is to be educated to understand life, to adjust itself to life, to get the most from life, then such subjects as literature (to be distinguished from learning to read) assume a new, or a renewed importance. The question here is not the revival of the classics, not magazines vs. books, nor the simple and colloquial *vs.* the sophisticated and complex. All these controversies apart and unsettled, it is the question of how to teach the child to profit by prospective leisure in a life under the new conditions of an industrial system which can produce without strain upon the masses enough to feed, clothe, and house the population.

Here is something that need not be argued, defended, or propagandized, although the means, the methods, and the objectives in view will be earnestly discussed with wide differences of opinion. The shift of emphasis from vocational to cultural will take care of itself because circumstances will make it inevitable.

What is interesting—news in fact—is the probable effect upon reading. We shall have more reading in a few years, much more of it, and perhaps better, for it could not be much worse. If the child is taught literature as a necessity rather than as a grace-note or a convention, he is not likely to fall quite so ready a victim to the exploitations of a cheap and vicious press inspired by profit-making to seek always the lowest common denominator in taste. It is true, of course, that the increase in reading will make printing more profitable, and so encourage a production of cheap trash for cheap minds cheaply educated. Yes, but it is quite probable that cheap trash will not sell so easily in the future. For the new reasons for giving a sound training in literature differ from the old in that they are based upon a necessity which may be compared to the necessity for teaching how to read when, thanks to the invention of printing, the letter rather than the sound became the medium by which facts and ideas were exchanged and disseminated. If there is to be more leisure, either enforced or easily attained (and who will deny that probability), then what the movies, what games and recreation, what the radio and social intercourse cannot supply, reading must. And will, for there is no possibility while this civilization lasts that the printed page will lose its absolute, though it may lessen in relative, importance.

It is the fashion to attack our "liberal" colleges and condemn our schools for superficiality. Those who cry out the loudest have seldom taken the trouble to consider the complex problems which our growing and would-be democratic population has presented to the educators, with no alibi possible and usually no escape. But even so, the root of the difficulty, when it comes to preparing the child to read good books, is not to be found in poor teaching or feeble scholarship. It lies in the ideology of a country that has believed in material success, and thought it certain for every busy money maker. Extract the idea that education is solely a preparation for work, and that work is sure to be rewarded, and the position of the teacher of literature is bound to change. His task becomes relevant instead of irrelevant to the child's future, it is in accord with, not in opposition to, the current of opinion, it is practical in the best sense in that it is realistic, not impractical because regarded as merely idealistic. He and his work are sure to gain in confidence. And if there is any virtue in early example and enlightened training, we shall get more good readers, fewer indifferents, and only the inevitable proportion of congenital illiterates.

The Duffy copyright bill should pass in the House of Representatives, as it has passed in the Senate. Whatever its faults may be, it will end a disgraceful situation. As all with access to inside information know well, the successive copyright bills which have failed to become law in the past, have been killed directly or indirectly by minority interests wishing to protect their special privileges at the expense of authors, publishers, booksellers, and literature in general. American writing and the book trade in general has everything to gain and nothing to lose by joining the rest of the civilized world in adequate copyright protection. Let us hope it will be won.

Ten Years Ago

In the issue of August 15, 1925, *The Saturday Review* recommended "Glamour" by Stark Young. Walter Prichard Eaton, who reviewed the book in that issue, wrote: *"In calling it 'Glamour,' he has happily expressed what it is he seeks and often in rather unexpected places finds, in his pilgrimages along Broadway."*

Currently, Stark Young has shifted his search for glamour to the old South, and with signal success. "So Red the Rose" was one of last year's most popular novels, and "Feliciana," a volume of short stories in the same genre, has just appeared.

Today

The Saturday Review recommends:

SEEDTIME AND HARVEST, by Eleanor Blake. This, like Mr. Young's book, is a regional novel.

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Letters to the Editor: *Charles A. Beard Answers Julian Huxley*

History and Social Science

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review.*

Sir:

Every now and then a man of natural science steps out of his laboratory to tell the world that it needs a science of society—a scientific sociology. And many workers, from Comte to Pareto, have tried to make a science of social affairs. So far failures are admitted, but still it is constantly imagined that some Newton or Darwin will accomplish the feat. . . .

A science of society is possible. By common agreement, however, the science is limited to economics or sociology. History is generally given up as a bad case. It is a kind of old almanac of kings, princes, warriors, politicians, knights, ladies, mobs, wars, hysteria, prostitutes, and racketeers. Nobody is expected to bring all these "data" under some formula of law. In his thoughtful discourse on sociology as a science, recently published by the *Saturday Review of Literature,* Mr. Julian Huxley conforms to the general practice by dismissing history with the saying that it "has always been in the main a humanist as opposed to a scientific subject."

If history is to be given up as hopeless, how can a science be made out of economics or sociology which is enclosed in the immensity called history, and merely deals with selected phases and times of history? The question does not seem to be irrelevant. . . .

What is this history now dismissed for the thousandth time? As actuality, as reality, history is the total immensity of events and personalities (human occurrences in relation to physical environment) in time, perhaps 100,000 years, more or less. Since economists and sociologists also deal with human occurrence, they of necessity must take the occurrences with which they deal out of that totality of occurrences which is history as actuality. They may not take any fact older than two, ten, fifty, or a thousand years, but whatever its time-depth, the fact comes out of history.

The economist or sociologist merely selects from history some of the myriad facts available. He selects them for his purposes. Like the poor historian he cannot lift the actualities out of time, as the chemist takes sulphuric acid and carbon out of his containers and combines them in a test tube. Like the poor historian, the sociologist or economist takes symbols of the facts of past time—words and figures. His selections and combinations are formal—they are intellectual, not physical, operations. Sometimes he makes a gesture of recognition by saying: "These facts so symbolized in words and figures actually bore a vital relation to other facts in the reality of things that happened, but for the moment and for my purposes I am separating them in thought." Then he generally forgets all about his assumptions and concessions, for if he does not he is tangled up all the time with that covering immensity, called history as actuality, the very thing he wants to be rid of forever and ever.

"IT'S TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN."

By his operations the economist or sociologist produces important knowledge respecting specific occurrences—important, that is, for theory and practice. Without such knowledge human affairs could not be carried on at all, badly as they are carried on, if we regard unemployment, misery, and degradation as "bad." He discovers certain uniformities and correlations—in certain places and times. He deliberately isolates his places and times. He says this uniformity or correlation occurred *then* and *there.* He takes a time-depth and a geographical area, out of the universality of time and place which the poor historian must consider while contemplating and investigating the fulness of his subject matter.

When the sociologist or economist says that this uniformity or correlation has occurred, he necessarily means "in the time-existing circumstances." When he ventures to predict (which is of the essence of natural science), he necessarily implies "circumstances remaining substantially identical in time."

For example, an economist in Rome at the height of the Empire might have discovered a correlation between the marriage rate and the price of grain in the city of Rome. That would have been a bit of history—a fact of history. If he had ventured to predict that rate would be good for all time in the city, he would have guessed wrong. For some reason or reasons, or none at all, the provinces of the Empire fell off, the import of grain declined, and the Empire disappeared. Instead of the grand economy of imperial Rome came innumerable local economies in which commerce and money prices played a relatively small role in social relations, including the business of getting married.

Now why did the Roman system break up? That is a historical question. Many answers have been given, but there is no general agreement, no Q. E. D. The historian can show some of the conditions which made possible that dissolution, but he cannot make a differential equation out of them, leading to a positive answer. The historian cannot answer that question positively, beyond all doubt. What warrant is there for saying that? The warrant is that the historian must derive his knowledge from records, that billions of occurrences in the "fall of Rome" were not recorded, and that numberless records have been lost. How can anyone be sure that he has made a science of occurrences when he is not sure that he has all the relevant occurrences before him? So it seems proper to say that were the human mind competent to grasp the totality of history, the state of knowledge of history as actuality prevents us from making a science of it.

The historian may, to be sure, work at his subject in the scientific spirit, that is, with a desire to find all the truth he can about things in particular and general. But he is compelled to confess that, given the very partial character of his "data," he cannot make deterministic or ordered science out of the totality of historical events in time.

What then is the upshot for the issue before us? It seems to be as follows.

We may expect from economics and so-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Man-Who-Knows-Indians

ALL THE YOUNG MEN. By Oliver La Farge. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $2.50.

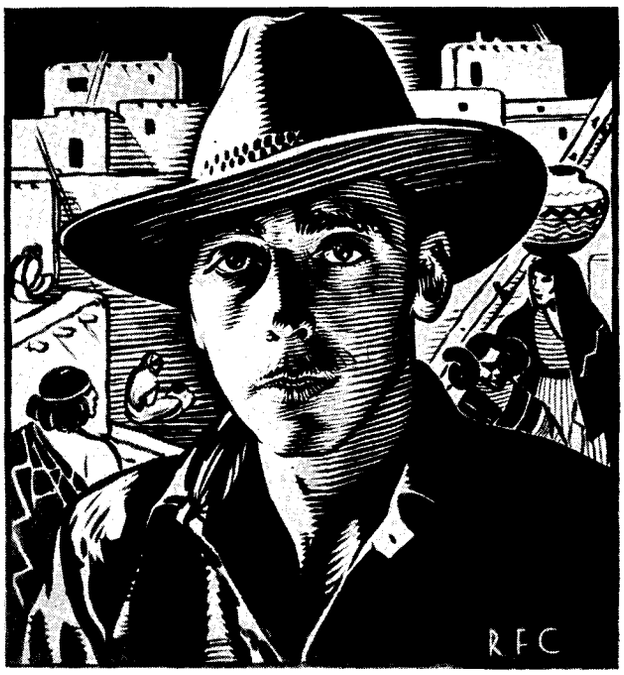
Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE are a dozen various stories in this new book by Mr. La Farge. He knows the Apaches and Navajos of the American Southwest at first-hand; he knows the Central American Indians; he knows also a good deal about the human nature of the white man.

Without adopting one of those virile styles that is like posturing and showing off one's muscle, this author writes in a manner thoroughly masculine and refreshingly honest. But he is adroit too. He knows how to compose a good story.

Mr. La Farge has good stories to tell. They begin with one concerning that strange type of sophisticated white woman who lusts after what she conceives to be the masculine in its most primitive state, desires to convert it into a thing of the boudoir —and completely lacks knowledge of primitive man—at least when primitive man is an Indian. There is another story about an Indian who falls actually in love with a white girl of a fine type and eventually finds it hopeless. There is still another of an oversexed white girl who is carried off by an Indian because he believes he has put her under the spell of an irresistible love charm. She finds, in this case, that the primitive is fatal. But in all these stories the Indians have a simplicity and dignity of emotion that the white man well might envy. That an Indian girl can become quite as shallow as some white girls, through being educated in the white way, is shown in "Higher Education," wherein the white man is villain. The sinister side of the Indian is, however, not neglected; but the psychological processes underlying several of its manifestations are neatly displayed in "A Family Matter" and "Dangerous Man." Say, rather, the logical than the psychological; though one must accept the premise of the Indian, whether Bachajón or Navajo. A pursuit by timid but deadly Mexican Indians, suddenly turned nasty, furnishes the "thriller" of the book. And there is a love passage between a white man and an Indian woman in which a veritable Aztec goddess comes to life. The two stories entirely about white people are the supernatural one, "Haunted Ground," which was awarded the O. Henry Memorial Prize, and an excellent account of the artistic temperament, "No More Bohemia," in which the private thoughts of a man "in a jam" are given scrupulous clarity. I see that in my enumeration I have omitted "Women at Yellow Wells," which interested me more for the juxtaposition of the Indian women and the white, than for the "showing-up" of a pleasant but weak white man.

But I do not wish to give the impression that the Indians in this book come off better than the whites. If Marty, in the last named story, is a fake cowboy, the portrait of a subordinate character in "No More Bohemia," Jimmy Donovan, is the memorable presentment of a real one. And in the same story such a girl as Frances sufficiently counteracts her weaker sisters. While he finds great and noble qualities in the Indian, Mr. La Farge is no fool concerning his own people. He shows them in all their variety; as, indeed, his Indians are also good, bad, and indifferent. He writes of both with the balance that can only spring of knowledge.



OLIVER LA FARGE

To revert for a moment to this same Frances; she is rather a man's ideal of a woman than a real woman, in spite of what I have just said. In depicting her, Mr. La Farge suddenly betrays a certain ingenuousness — toward women only— which is, however, entirely likeable, and even admirable.

Perhaps the title story, to which I have not yet referred, the story of Old Singer (which found a place in no magazine as did the others) is the most poignant. But both drama and pathos are present in the others; and the atmosphere in which the stories take their being is created with quiet mastery. This book is "sound in wind and limb." The writer knows what he is talking about.

Nice pitching, Mr. La Farge!

What's in a Title?

By IRWIN HEYNE

Chronicles of Wasted Time

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, memoirs, and reminiscences furnish a variety of symbolic and quoted titles. One of the most apt is MOCK TURTLE, a collection of memoirs edited by S. C. Brooks, taking its title from *Alice in Wonderland.* NAPHTALI, the autobiography of the celebrated English critic, C. Lewis Hind, is another singularly apropos title whose relevancy is less obvious until its source is known (Naphtali is a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words. *Genesis 49:21*) From the same verse, by the way comes A HIND LET LOOSE, C. E. Montague's delightful story of the versatile and irrepressible journalist Fay. The autobiography of Judd Gray, executed for his share in the notorious Snyder-Gray murder, was named DOOMED SHIP (Like two doomed ships that pass in storm/We crossed each other's way. *Wilde, Ballad of Reading Gaol*).

Henry Spender, the English man of letters, took THE FIRE OF LIFE, the title of his memoirs, from Walter Savage Landor's *Finis:*

> I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,
> Nature I lov'd and next to nature, Art:
> I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

The author's death before the publication of his book makes his choice of title particularly appropriate.

Among other books of this type are: IN THE DARK BACKWARD, by H. W. Nevinson (What seest thou else/In the dark backward and abysm of time? *Tempest,* I, 2) ROUGH-HEWN, an anonymous autobiography and also the title of a book by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (There's a divinity that shapes our ends/Rough-hew them how we will. *Hamlet,* V, 2) IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE, by Ford Madox Ford (It is not yet near day:/It was the nightingale and not the lark. *Romeo and Juliet,* III, 5) A BACKWARD GLANCE, by Edith Wharton (Casting then/A backward glance. *Wordsworth, The Prelude*) THE ARCHES OF THE YEARS, by Halliday Sutherland (I fled Him down the arches of the years. *Francis Thompson, The Hound of Heaven*) MY CROWDED HOUR, by Alice Roosevelt Longworth (Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife/To all the sensual world proclaim,/ One crowded hour of glorious life/Is worth an age without a name. *Sir Walter Scott*) A GOODLY HERITAGE, by M. E. Chase (lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea I have a goodly heritage. *Psalms* 16).

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The Gentry of Connecticut

CAPTAIN NATHAN HALE, MAJOR JOHN PALSGRAVE WYLLYS, A DIGRESSIVE HISTORY. By George Dudley Seymour. New Haven, Conn.: Tuttle, Morehouse and Co. $10.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

HERE is an important contribution to the Tercentenary of Connecticut which is being celebrated this month by pageants and other memorials throughout the state. For Mr. Seymour, who may be described as the Dean of Connecticut Antiquaries and the chief custodian of its traditions, here celebrates not only his favorite hero, Nathan Hale, but also contributes a vivid picture of early Connecticut.

The writer of this review cannot pretend to know anything about old New England, least of all about its social structure and distinctions, but this he must say however about the people to be found in this book. They seem to have an especial character and flavor that is unlike anything English of the same time. Mr. Seymour in his easy-going discursive way has some skill in bringing out their quality. He likes to take a man and tell all about his ancestors and neighbors and to survey all that was his. We hear in the first part of this book about Nathan Hale, who has in the course of the years become of right the historical property of Mr. Seymour. We are told of Hale's forbears and of his farmer father, of whom it was said, as he was borne to his grave, that "No man ever worked so hard for both worlds." Mr. Seymour tells all that is to be told about Hale and, if there is not much that seems new, it is because Mr. Seymour's discoveries about the subject have been set forth before.

Much the larger part of the book is devoted to the Wyllys family of Hartford. There are many pictures reproduced, the most interesting of which is that of Mrs. Mary Wyllys Pomeroy, carrying a rose in her left hand and looking out on the world with a quizzical but assured smile, a New England Mona Lisa even to the lips and eyes. She had every right to be assured. For the best part of two centuries the Wyllyses were leaders in political and social Hartford. In the early seventeenth century a George Wyllys from a country house in Warwickshire had sent over a steward and twenty servants furnished with proper implements of husbandry and building to establish a residence in New England. A great house was built on a hill overlooking the Connecticut river, "the river" of New England memory. That house had a fenestration that was unusual. *Fenestration* is a word that the author likes as he likes *armigerous*. But at any rate this great house had thirteen windows in the façade, and those windows and the rooms behind them and the furniture in the rooms afford excuse for learned and wise comment upon early New England. Mr. Seymour loves his old families but there is little nonsense about his judgments. When General Updike was dying, Mr. Seymour tells us, his physician advised moving his bed from the north chamber which he occupied and placing it in a sunny parlor. The general, who stuttered, replied: "What d-d-d-die in one's parlor! Whoever heard of a gentleman d-d-d-dying in his p-p-p-parlor?" And he died, says Mr. Seymour, "in his bedroom in the well-bred way in which he thought it suitable to die." Of such was old New England.

The state and glory of the Wyllyses are gone but the record is set down in this book. And on every page and in every sentence is the hallmark of Mr. Seymour. The etchings of all the characters are signed, unmistakably. They like to say in New Haven that there is only one George Dudley Seymour. Here he is to be seen, the learned, half humorous, and wholly genealogical, shrewd New England antiquarian with his lore of families and furniture, of old gossip and gentility.

Wallace Notestein is professor of history at Yale University.

THE CHARTER OAK AND THE WYLLYS MANSION

Adventures in Editing

(*Continued from page 4*)

showed sound and sometimes beautiful workmanship, quite equalled "To Have and to Hold" by the test of the stenographers' luncheon hour.

Of the non-fiction serial articles, General Schaff's "Spirit of Old West Point" and James O. Fagan's "Confessions of a Railroad Signalman" were the outstanding successes. The Reconstruction series which we featured in 1901 and to which I devoted a great deal of energy and enthusiasm, never commanded the public attention which I thought it deserved. In autobiography, J. T. Trowbridge's "My Own Story" and T. W. Higginson's "Part of a Man's Life" had eager readers. I expected much from Walter Page's pseudonymous "The Autobiography of a Southerner since the Civil War," by "Nicholas Worth." The narrative—which Page later acknowledged, calling it a novel—was brilliantly written, but for some reason it did not attract the public except in a few sections of the South.

The *Atlantic* has always been fortunate in its "out-of-doors" articles. Papers like John Burroughs's "Camping with President Roosevelt"—which had some amusing manuscript emendations direct from the White House—and anything from Bradford Torrey or John Muir, were sure of an appreciative response. On Muir's rare visits to the office, his talk about California trees and flowers was even more wonderful than his writing, and the stenographers and desk-men used to invent errands to my room in order to listen to fragments of it. MacGregor Jenkins, with an eye to the news-stands, urged the publication of articles on outdoor sports, and we secured excellent papers on golf, tennis, tramping, and swimming. My own contribution to this series, a defense of "Fishing with a Worm," is still, after thirty years, a subject of ironic comment by my fellow anglers, and I shall never live it down.

The technique of *Atlantic* short stories, in those days, conformed mainly to the patterns of the eighteen-nineties. That they were expertly written is evidenced by such names as Alice Brown, Sarah

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Orne Jewett, and Edith Wharton. We printed some of the last short stories by Howells and Aldrich; and a new note was struck now and then by Jack London, John Buchan, and Mary Austin. After some years of alienation, Lafcadio Hearn began again to send us his marvellous sketches of Japan. It was on the whole a dull decade for American poetry; but I recall with especial pleasure William Vaughn Moody's noble "Ode in Time of Hesitation" written on the Philippine theme in 1900, Edwin Arlington Robinson's haunting "Calverly's," and the faultless tiny lyrics of my friend Father Tabb.

. . .

More and more, during the post-war years and especially since my retirement, I have turned to books for reinforcement of my youthful faith in progress. The most durable foundations for hope for a better future for humanity seem to me to be found in history, literature, and religion. I should, of course, add "science" if I thought that I had a really scientific mind. I read, like everyone else, about the new physics, the new chemistry, the new astronomy, but this reading does not transform the world for me, as it does for many of my friends. When my class at Williams held its fiftieth reunion in 1931, all the other men, representing various professions, proclaimed their wonder and satisfaction in the advance of the world since our graduation, particularly in the application of scientific discoveries to the conveniences and comforts of life. There was the usual glorification of telephone and radio and motor car and airplane and all that; and even the stock market, just then, seemed to be picking up a little. I did not dissent openly, but I felt singularly isolated. I was almost the only representative of literature at the table, and what competent critic would assert that the literature produced in America, England, and France during the previous half-century, has rivalled, either in sheer power or in beauty, the books produced during the fifty years between 1831 and 1881? I had read, presumably, more contemporary prose and verse than any of my classmates, since it was my professional business to do so. I had no quarrel with the preceding half-century except this: that in the one kind of activity in which I was professionally interested, it had failed to keep pace with the material advance which my classmates were celebrating. Literature's turn may come again, of course. Some unknown American author may publish tomorrow as good a book as "Moby Dick," "The Scarlet Letter," Emerson's "Essays," "Walden," "Leaves of Grass," or "Huckleberry Finn"; but I have been waiting a long time for it.

Bliss Perry is professor of English at Harvard University. The preceding article in expanded form is to appear in "And Gladly Teach" shortly to be published by Houghton Mifflin. The last paragraph has here been transposed from its position at the close of the book.

Breakdowns and Neuroses

THE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. By the Editors of Fortune. *New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co.* 1935. $1.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH, M.D.

EVERY doctor is repeatedly confounded by the fantastic conceptions entertained by his patients of the mechanism by which they live and have their being. For the everyday man is probably more ignorant of the workings of his own body than he is of any other subject near to him. If this state of affairs has been abated by the endless books, lectures, and so-called physiology classes designed in the past few years to educate him, the signs are few indeed, yet one cannot but rejoice whenever there appears another attempt as excellent as this to shed a little light on the general ignorance. Even when the teacher has at one's command orderly proven facts—facts which can be seen with the eyes, with the microscope and test-tube, too often the result in the mind of the listener is distortion and confusion. How much more difficult to present to the everyday man the whys and hows of his untouchable, unseeable mind, his soul, his libido, *et al!* One recalls shudderingly the tea-party chatter of Freud and dreams so fashionable a few years ago. All the more credit then to the authors of this little book, who have boldly accepted the difficulties in a manner to warrant only appreciative gratitude.

Confronted with the premise that neuroses are as "widespread as the common cold," they started a little research all their own on the popularly called "nervous breakdown." (This they define as "a serious neurosis." A "neurosis is produced by the collision of a neurotic character with a problem it can't surmount." What is a neurotic character? The term "means practically anyone at all.") Their investigation carried them into a very jungle of "schools" and theories. Out of the tangle they eliminated what must have been an appalling amount, and they retained only eighty-five pages. These they submitted to the experts already drawn upon, but even yet they could not always agree, so the protests are addended as footnotes to the appropriate page. Surely fair enough.

If the book did no more than to drive home the fact that in a civilization where, as Thoreau declared, "most men live lives of quiet desperation," none but the moron can claim immunity from maladjustments and threatened "breakdowns," it would be worth all the trouble it cost. The odium so long associated with mental and nervous disorders is by no means outgrown. Yet we are told that "everyone is unbalanced enough to be vulnerable to some type or other of psychological strain." And still the vast majority—and this includes many doctors who should know better—dismiss their neighbors' frustrating fears and sickened wills as "just imagination," and never cease their futile and cruel admonitions to "brace up"!

Having established the universality—almost normality—of the complaint, the authors proceed to furnish us with a concise differentiation between the psychoses (the so-called insanities) and the neuroses. We are encouraged by the statement that despite his fears the neurotic almost never "goes insane." We are given the tentative classification, now generally adopted, of both types of disorders and a summary of the analysis of the factors contributing to the breakdown. This dispels the bugaboo of overwork and also dispenses with the theory that only the idle and the wealthy enjoy the privileges of the disease. Cities of from 25,000 to 100,000, it seems, offer more satisfying conditions for the spirit than do either villages or the larger cities. Surprisingly enough the depression seems thus far not to have increased the number of nervous and mental cases.

When they approach the subject of treatment the authors speak in far less confident tones. They are—and naturally so, perhaps—impatient of the slow progress medicine has made in this field. To this reviewer they seem to have underestimated the distance the profession has traveled since Freud's epoch-making theories changed so utterly our conception of human mentality. After all, Freud is still alive, and the time has not been long for a revolution in thinking.

In the last chapters the reader is given a picture of the methods of psychoanalysis. There is no suggestion of a cure-all here. We are warned that even if the expense (from $2,600 to $13,000) and the time involved (five visits per week for a year) did not limit the general usefulness, it succeeds for only the comparative few. The book ends with a suggestion of the tendency in America at least, away from Freud and his psychoanalysis toward the "psychobiology" of Adolph Meyer with its emphasis now embracing not only all of the patient's personality but every aspect of his environment and way of life.

All in all one can find practically nothing to condemn and much to praise in this admirable little study. A copy might well be placed in every doctor's waiting-room. Here is a sane preliminary sketch of a picture which presents more complexities than all other medical problems combined—a picture which may require another century before it can be framed and hung—which vitally concerns every one of us. The magazine *Fortune* is to be congratulated on having produced so valuable a book.

Mabel S. Ulrich is a physician of Minneapolis who for a number of years did yeoman service in public health work. Her interests, however, were literary as well as medical, and in addition to her science she has run several excellent bookshops.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

The Folder

ONCE I wrote here, years ago, about Chipmunks in the Wall (or perhaps they were mice); how I listened to them frolicking behind my bookshelves; scraping, scuffling, nibbling; freaking my silence with a lace of sound. But I didn't know exactly what they'd been at until I began carrying out a lot of books to the Knothole

Exactly behind the ten foot shelvage of my books about Shakespeare they'd been busiest. There I found a collection of dry cherrystones, each one drilled hollow with clean-bored indenture. They had taken many more bites than one. I thought kindly of their secret labors, their patient gritting edacity. It wasn't even Will himself they were after; it was their own Little Kernel Stories . . . and I thought of all the Shakespeare Schclars, gnawing away.

WE REFERRED (Bowling Green, June 1 and 8) to the saying so frequently imputed to Voltaire, "I do not agree with a word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it"; and we noted that Mr. Harry Weinberger, attorney in letters as well as at law, had rummaged Voltaire's works in vain for the quotation. As also had Mr. Ben De Casseres and other Voltaireans.

Mr. Weinberger now reports the highly interesting fact that this excellent line, familiar by so frequent quotation, is rather to be attributed to one of Voltaire's biographers, "S. G. Tallentyre" (E. Beatrice Hall). Miss Tallentyre writes to Mr. Weinberger that she used the phrase in her book *The Friends of Voltaire* (1907) "as a description of Voltaire's attitude to Helvetius—and more widely, to the freedom of expression in general. I do not think and did not intend to imply that Voltaire used these words *verbatim*, and should be surprised if they are found in any of his works. They are rather a *paraphrase* of Voltaire's words in the Essay on Tolerance—*Think for yourselves and let others enjoy the privilege to do so too.*"

George Currie in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, commenting on Mr. Weinberger's successful sleuthing, says:

> "One might make a pretty sound bet that what M. Voltaire is mostly remembered for is the quotation he didn't make, which is an irony that François Marie Arouet would have cackled over in the full savage misery of his old age."

THE OLD MANDARIN'S version of a similar thought, we suddenly remember, was: *My wrongness is dearer to me than your rightness.*

The Green of August 3 ("Usage, U. S. A.") evoked a number of interesting letters and reproaches. Several correspondents point out that *pretty* in the sense of *fairly* or *rather* is not exclusively an Americanism. Professor Stuart Robertson (author of *The Development of Modern English*, which I haven't seen) writes:—

"Is *pretty* an Americanism? I happen to have noticed it frequently in the works of Otto Jespersen, where I have been struck by a certain incongruity in such a colloquialism—as I thought it—in a formal context. If it is a purely American colloquialism, I wonder how it happens that Jespersen has appropriated it."

And Mr. Finlay Ferguson (Norfolk, Va.) quotes from *Great Expectations*, chapter IX:—

> "Well, boy," Uncle Pumblechook began. "How did you get on up town?"
>
> I answered, "Pretty well, sir."
>
> "Pretty well?" Mr. Pumblechook repeated. "Pretty well is no answer. Tell me what you mean by pretty well, boy?" . . . I reflected for some time, and then answered as if I had discovered a new idea, "I mean pretty well."

Speaking of the learned Dr. Otto Jespersen (of Copenhagen), in his valuable *Essentials of English Grammar* (1933) he quotes a Chinese grammarian as saying that in many familiar usages "English commonsense triumphs over grammatical nonsense."

I am reminded again of the excellent advertising sign in Newark—I think I've mentioned it before—*Roberts Erasers Correct Mistakes in Any Language.*

E. R. E., Marshall, Minnesota, writes:—

"Having recently visited my mother's birthplace near Randolph Center, Vermont, I must tell you that I crossed the East *Branch*, West *Branch*, Turnbridge *Branch* and I think Middle *Branch* all of the White River—so "branch" isn't All Southern. And on the old farm were Pasture *Brook* and Peppermint *Brook*.

"Back in the eighties my mother and sister made a "slumber robe" by crocheting colored yarns into squares and sewing these together—used as an afghan.

"In this locality we "keep tab on," never "keep tabs on."

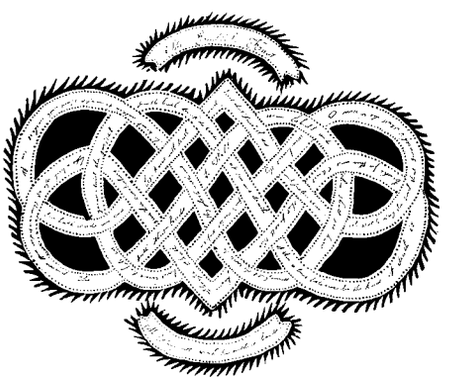
"Your review creates in me a strong desire to see Mr. Horwill's book."

P. W., turning out an old trunk in a New Jersey attic, came upon a pleasant example of the scissors-and-paper work of a hundred years ago.

The Endless Knot, it is called: the nodulated ribbon of text is a poem (all one sentence) beginning "Man, behold, and thou shall see How manifold thy evils be," and ending "Avoid the path that leads to hell." If the sentiment were less evangelical the design would make an agreeable bookplate. The bottom scroll says *M. A. Honeywell's work done without hands*—by which she meant, one supposes, all with scissors.

THE CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT shows us a delightful letter from an ex-abonnée in Michigan. This might well go in the text books as the ideal P. P. C. letter for the Parting Subscriber:—

"I am just simply sick to death of literature and smartness, etc. *Candide* presents the only solution to living I've found up to date. I began to read at the normal age of five or six and ran through the Grimm Bros., Elsie Dinsmore, Rex Beach, passing on to Euripides, the Russians, the Little Theatre movement, coming later to Eugene O'Neill, *Look Homeward Angel*, Hemingway and then I quit at the ripe



"THE ENDLESS KNOT"

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age of thirty-eight. I've had enough. Leave me in peace to grow cabbage and zinnias and fight chinch bugs and rust and red spider. I don't want to think about New York, nor what the clever boys and girls are doing and thinking.

"Love and kisses for many years of fun I had from the *Saturday Review*. Now no more; I can't take it."

D. C.

"ALL OF"

SIR:—I hope that some friend whom you respect will persuade you not to keep banging your excellent head against so stony an idiom as *all of*.

Before you were born the *Oxford* said, under *all* A 6, "followed by *of* in pl. This const. is comparatively modern. Rare except with pronouns." Or do you, perhaps, think that the use with pronouns ("all of them") is not wrong? You don't specify. You speak only of "an Americanism."

Old Whitney said in the *Century* before you were born: "all men or all people in a plural sense. . . . *All*, in either of the preceding uses is often followed by a limited phrase with *of*." Whitney didn't know that he was describing an Americanism.

Poutsma knows hardly anything about Americanisms; he is talking about standard British idiom when he says in his Vol. I, page 302, "*of* being especially common when the noun is modified by a demonstrative pronoun." And he quotes from Sweet: "All of these tribes."

The *New International* says under *all*, noun: "in recent usage by *of* and a noun; all of the books."

What do you mean—"mistaken"? Do you mean that their logic was wrong? Surely you aren't one of the old-time logic-crackers. Do you mean that you have some sixth sense for usage, and that all the rest of us are wrong?

Usage is a great, pitiless, rocky fact. It won't spare your head if you keep butting it.

HENSHAW WARD.

New Haven, Conn.

MR. EARL A. CUEVAS, "poet laureate of Mississippi" and president of the "Poet Laureate League" appeared before the House Committee on Patents and gave them an earful on his scheme for a "Federal Poetry Project." His remarks (as reprinted by the Government Printing Office) involve so genial a misunderstanding of the ways in which poetry of any merit can come to paper that they are almost worth a little space.

"We (viz. the Poet Laureate League) see the dawn of a literary activity in this country," said Mr. Cuevas, "which will make the famous epoch of the Elizabethan age pale by comparison. . . . The sum and substance of our procedure is to take the poet out of the attic and put him in the limelight. . . . We have appointed poet laureates in six different States and in each instance the appointee became better known in the course of 3 weeks than he would have in 30 years through his own efforts . . . We contact the editors of various poetry publications asking for recommendations . . . we next contact the newspapers . . . we make our selection after first contacting the nominees. . . ."

Alas, in this matter the only nominees that are worth while are the nominees of the gods.

But "contacting" the government itself, Laureate Cuevas admits, had its disappointments. "I received nothing but excuses and evasions." The Project was that the Secretary of Agriculture should grant to the Poet Laureate League of America, Inc.:—

"the property and premises known as Mt. Weather, in the State of Virginia and comprising 84 and 81/100 acres of land, more or less, together with all the buildings and other improvements including laboratories, cottages, sheds, stables, shops, heating and power plant, kite-shelter, and other buildings . . . in order to encourage and assist in literary pursuits and studies of a poetic nature."

It sounds like lots of fun; and everyone enjoys flying kites. But even with laboratories, sheds, heating and power plants, poetry can't be successfully made by Federal Project. In vain is the net spread in front of that shy bird.

The real makers (in all fields) need all the help we can give them; always will. But let's not nonsensify that universal need with mere prating.

C. P. R. (Whitestone, L. I.) writes that among the various small and familiar pleasures that have been mentioned in this Green, a favorite of his has been overlooked. He writes:

"How about the ritual of shaving in the morning; a sharp razor, leaving a smooth, clean face to greet the day with. It truly clothes the day in a wholesome dress, an invigorating feeling, even on blue Monday.

Mental Variation

THE RANGE OF HUMAN CAPACITIES. By David Wechsler. Baltimore: The Williams & Wilkins Company. 1935.

UPON the basis of a painstaking assemblage of measurements of bodily and mental capacities, Dr. Wechsler reaches conclusions as to the differences between man and man. He finds that for the most part the variation between the lowest and the uppermost in some instances between the worst and the best—is about in the ration of 1 to 2, often falling well below it, rarely reaching 1 to 3. So he concludes that the range of human differences is small; we think it large because of personal interests in the results and of dramatic exaggerations. Democracy thus seems justified and genius assimilated to a sliding scale of talent. Incidentally capacities reach their maximum early, and life as maximum-capacity ends at forty. It is all well put and documented.

Yet the writer of the present note regards the thesis as misconceived, the interpretation unwarranted. There is slight reference to the naturalistic basis of the "capacities," which is the Hamlet of the play. There is a confusion between what is measurable (and the measure thereof) and what is important. The tables, though they have meaning, are conglomerates of incommensurables. Measurements in most mental "capacities" are not the correlates of such variations in pulse or breathing as nature permits.

Much of the argument is too much like asking whether a salesman has to sell "twice as many" refrigerators to be "twice as good" a salesman; or make it stories for an author, or dates for a debutante. It is a treacherous thesis. Quantitativists and qualitativists are bound to disagree, which again shows that the present writer defends the *large* differences of man and man, and is as often amazed as depressed by them.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DASHIELL HAMMETT OMNIBUS *Who Do You Think?* (Knopf $2.)	"Red Harvest," "Dain Curse" and "The Maltese Falcon" in all their grisly glory.	For first readers an 810 page orgy; for repeaters a satisfying revival—tho' "Red Harvest" seems pretty funny today.	Full meal
THE CHINESE FISH *Jean Bommart* (Longmans Green: $2)	French journalist in Balkans runs into *beaucoup* trouble with elusive secret service man as extricator.	Gallic version of E. P. Oppenheim—and very neatly done, thank you—with gallons of incredible action.	Thriller
THE LEAGUE OF FRIGHTENED MEN *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Novelist Paul Chapin suspected in mysterious deaths of Harvard alumni; surviving members of circle call on Nero Wolfe.	Dismal let-down of ending almost spoils yarn otherwise unique for pep, personality, humor, and readability.	Read it anyway

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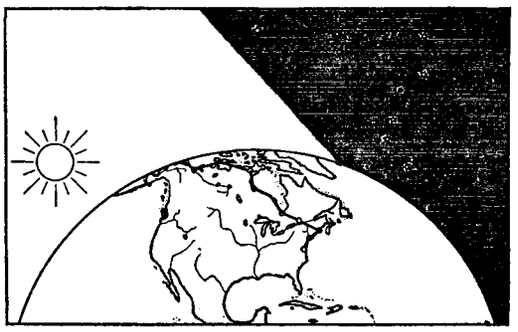
Announcing a book by

Anne Morrow Lindbergh
NORTH to the ORIENT



With endpapers and 19 maps by Charles A. Lindbergh

IN this informal personal narrative, Mrs. Lindbergh describes the flight which she took with her husband to the Orient by the Great Circle route in the summer of 1931. She acted as crew and radio operator on an important experiment in aviation; but she remembers the trip from a human point of view—the lands they visited, the people they met, the amusing things that happened. And she writes a thoroughly delightful book about it, one that is memorable for its dramatic incidents, its sparkling humor, and its unpretentious charm. $2.50

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The Early Roman Empire

CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock and M. P. Charlesworth. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. *Vol. X:* $11. *Plates, Vol. IV:* $4.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER

THE assassination of Julius Cæsar left the Roman world without a master and without a plan. The Senate had clearly showed its incapacity to unite on any consistent program, and the question was which of a number of ambitious individuals would succeed in gaining control. To many Mark Antony appeared the probable victor but, in the end, Antony succumbed, partly due to his own weaknesses, partly to the abilities of his rival, Cæsar's adopted son, the young Octavian. It was fortunate that the abilities were those of an organizer and administrator rather than of a conqueror, for once the civil war was over he turned his attention to the task of government with an energy and a care that resulted in a new era. His modifications of the constitution show many suggestive parallels to the dictatorships of our own day, but to his preservation of the old framework he joined a reliance on the dynastic principle that has no counterpart among modern dictators, and one of Augustus's most serious concerns was the attempt to find a proper successor in his own family. Fate thwarted him often in the premature death of those whom he had designated as his heirs, but the firmness with which the principle had taken root is seen in the fact that the next four emperors, Tiberius, Gaius, Claudius, and Nero all owed their position to their connection by blood or by adoption with the line of Augustus. And though the state drew gradually nearer to open monarchy, it was essentially the system of Augustus which his successors perpetuated. None of them was a wholly satisfactory ruler, and Nero so far alienated his natural supporters that revolt broke out and there was another year of civil war, only terminated by the victory of Vespasian and the passing of power to another dynasty.

It is this period from 44 B.C. to 70 A.D. with which Volume X of the Cambridge Ancient History deals. Its title "The Augustan Empire" shows that the center of gravity is intended to be the first emperor, and few will feel that the space allotted to him and his achievements is out of proportion. Yet this is no mere eulogy. It is true that to Mr. Charlesworth who writes of affairs in the West Augustus is certainly the hero of the piece, yet he does not deny his share of responsibility in the proscriptions which cost Rome so many citizens, nor obscure the faults and failures of his progress to empire. What he shows is a young man of great natural capacity who learned by his own experience and grew both in wisdom and character with the increase of his responsibilities and his powers. At the same time his career is regarded by Dr. Tarn from the point of view of the East, and a most happy combination is effected by these authorities whose well balanced and conscientious scholarship is enlivened by divergent sympathies.

To the general reader it is a great pleasure to find how much of this volume is really well written. Dr. Tarn in particular has long been familiar to students of antiquity as one who never forgets that history is a form of literature. To be sure, skill in presentation of a case has its dangers if it be the wrong case, and there have been moments when Dr. Tarn was persuasive and mistaken. Perhaps the analysis of Cleopatra which he gives us here is not invulnerable, but it is so much better and so much more sensible than the familiar caricatures that the layman will feel that he has been shown a reasonable portrait, and the candid scholar must admire even if he dissents. It must be an unimaginative critic who would not willingly forgive any errors of the author for the sake of his power of narration. No one is more adept at the reconstruction of the original accounts and the point of view from which they were written, a device which has been used with excellent effect throughout the book, with results that are full of interest even when not demonstrable.

It is also a pleasure to find in a standard work a temperate estimate of the persons involved. We have had so much of late of violent depreciation of heroes and preposterous exaltation of villains that it is comforting to find authorities recognizing the fact that by and large the general opinion of mankind is sound. So Octavia is here a heroine ("perhaps the loveliest nature which the ancient world can show"), Caligula a madman, Sejanus a villain. But, at the same time, every effort is made to see behind the prejudices of ancient authors; Tiberius and Claudius are not abandoned entirely to the malevolence of Tacitus and Suetonius; at least the materials are given for the understanding of such complicated natures as Cicero and Seneca.

The account of persons and events is enriched with chapters dealing with many phases of the life of the early empire. Mrs. Strong contributes a résumé of Augustan art which is admirable in its picture of the relation between the arts and the imperial program as a whole. A much less successful chapter is that of Mr. Glover on the literature of the period. The account is entertaining enough for those who like oddments of information, but there is too much of the later influence of the literature and far too little discussion of the masterpieces of the age. Dr. Nock's chapter on religion is a fine summary of an aspect of society always difficult to summarize.

No review such as this can do justice to the immense amount of guidance and information to be found in the notes and bibliography, not the least of whose virtues is the fact that they are really intended to give guidance and not merely to display the learning of the authors.

The accompanying volume of plates is a work of great importance. The editors have wisely combined very familiar material like the best known portraits of Augustus with such unusual bits of evidence as graffiti of Parthians from Doura-Europos.

Alfred R. Bellinger is a member of the classical department of Yale University.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

DID you read *Abe Merritt's* "Creep, Shadow!"? It was a fine "gashly" tale. He knows a lot about magic, demonology, and the lost island of Atlantis. He ought to be put up alongside *Bram Stoker*. I venture to say that fans for that sort of thing—of which I am one—will keep the book alive. Now it is entertaining, though hardly surprising, to learn that this Doubleday, Doran author does a special sort of gardening out on Long Island. He raises poisonous plants! Yes sir, among his annuals is the Datura, that tropical beauty which attains a height of six feet, has purple stems and huge bell-shaped blossoms, and from which is derived the powerful poison, stromonium! Not only that. He specializes in Monk's Hood (source of the fever-reducing drug, aconite), Deadly Nightshade, Malayan Belladonna, and Wolf's Bane. And, by golly, he has a real live Mandrake Root on his premises too! I hope it shrieks when it's pulled up; otherwise it's a fake. Remember your *John Donne*, don't you?

Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot;
Teach me to hear mermaid's singing,
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind.

My deepest obeisance, with plume sweeping the floor, to *Dorothy Gardner* of Windsor, Vermont, for gift of one pound Maple Grove Candies from that splendid state. They were passed around the office where young and old (I representing the old) partook gratefully. As for me, if there's anything I like it's maple sugar. I know of no other confection that can for one moment vie with it, and I eat hardly any candy nowadays, as there seems to be enough sugar in alcohol. . . . Though the Limited Editions Club, of 551 Fifth Avenue, was not in existence in 1928, *Miguel* and *Rose Covarrubias* most certainly were, and, more than that, were in Tahiti. There Miguel read *Herman Melville's* "Typee." It is my personal opinion that some years later the Limited Editions Club was conjured into existence for the sole purpose of issuing to its members, as they now do, an edition of Melville's famous romance, printed at the Harbor Press in New York and illustrated with two dozen pictures in tropical colors by—oh, you guess who? Correct. The book is bound in native tapa cloth, too, beaten from the bark of trees. I used to have a large tapa, made in the Philippines. . . . Terrible news for poets! I hear from *Ivan Swift* of Harbor Springs, Michigan, that the "Bookfellows" recently learned the following from a publisher:

> As to the class of poetry that will be included we will have to trust to our editor and to the several hundred poets who have submitted, compromising many of the best poets from one end of the country to another.

. . . *Jules Romains* has accepted the offer of a resident lectureship for next summer from Mills College, California. Mills has a six weeks' period of summer study, some seven departments holding a creative arts session. One is an école française—a project much like Middlebury. Men from various American universities: *Landre* of Brown, *Cailliet* of Pennsylvania, *Canu* of Bryn Mawr, *Guiton* of Bennington, and *Bonno* of the University of California, have assisted at various times. To have *Jules Romains* throughout the session of 1936 promises to be an event of importance. . . . Random House is publishing "The Seventh *New Yorker* Album" in November. . . . *Roland Pertwee*, whom I like because he wrote "Interference" and because he is about my own age, has managed four careers pretty darn capably. They are those of painter, actor, novelist, and playwright. He also golfs, hunts, shoots, and fishes, in all of which I fail to follow him. You'll find a lot about horses and salmon fishing in his new novel "Four Winds," that Little, Brown bring out early in September. . . . I mean to say, my dear chap, I once did ride a horse, but I can't do anything with a dry fly. . . . *John Masefield*, Poet Laureate, has now received from the King the additional honor of the Order of Merit. . . . "*A. E.*," in his own words, felt the world receding from him before he died, the world where "I once thought in my vanity I could move in the direction of the heavenly city." Well, in my own opinion he moved a long way in that direction. Peace to his ashes! He was a great man. . . . *Don Farran* of Iowa tells me:

> Watch this man *Coleman* at the Prairie Press, Muscatine, Iowa. He's new but almost medieval in the way he sets his type by hand for his editions. Nor are these "vanity" editions paid for by the authors. Coleman selects his work and backs it in limited editions with his own money. Something a bit medieval about that too! He's just released a collection of *Sigmund's* short stories, "The Least of These," another beautifully printed book, limited. *Tom Duncan's* "Elephants at War," poems, will be next. Coleman's only mistake is that he doesn't charge six to ten dollars a copy for his books . . . then the real collectors would notice them.

. . . I wish also to lay my tribute before the late *Anne Douglas Sedgwick*, principally for writing, years ago, "A Fountain Sealed." . . . *Dale Warren* of Houghton Mifflin has edited for fall publication a book of special interest to librarians, critics, reviewers, and booksellers. Its title is "What Is a Book?: Thoughts About Writing," and it is written by twenty different people, some of whom are *John Livingston Lowes, Archibald MacLeish, Ellen Glasgow, Esther Forbes, Frances Frost, Rafael Sabatini, Gertrude Atherton*, etc. . . . Some of these essays *Saturday Review* readers will recognize as having appeared in our pages. But you ought to peruse the whole book.

Headliners

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Wolfe
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"Tremendously vital, powerfully conceived and written with power and beauty." **Henry Seidel Canby** ***in the Book of the Month Club Bulletin.***
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Stark
Young
Feliciana

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$2.50

Mystery story fans will agree with Isaac Anderson of the *New York Times* that **THE SENTRY BOX MURDER** by Newton Gayle ($2.00) is "a real puzzler . . . skilfully told."
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A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE ORDEAL OF MARK TWAIN. By Van Wyck Brooks. *Dutton.*

GIANTS IN THE EARTH. By O. E. Rolvaag. *Harpers.*

UPSTAGE. By John Mason Brown. *Norton.*

A Mediterranean Tour

E. F. H. of East Hartwick, Vt., *who is one of a committee to draw up a program for a women's club covering a possible Mediterranean trip, wishes information on the places generally included in the itinerary for such a journey.*

TIME and money would dictate, of course, the nature and extent of such a cruise, for surely inclination would lead all prospective travellers into exploring all possible sections of the Mediterranean littoral. The most usual itinerary, however, omits certain of the islands which I am about to include simply because they hold out too delightful a prospect to ignore, and does not, of course, include all of the larger ports which are touched at some by one and others by another line of ships. As general preparation for the tour E. F. H.'s club might read ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES (Little, Brown), by Emil Ludwig (yes, the Ludwig of Napoleonic repute), which sets out from Genoa, crosses to Tunis, proceeds to Capri and Sicily, traverses Egypt, goes to Constantinople, from there across Asia Minor to Palestine, and winds up the trip at Venice after having stopped at Greece. This might be supplemented by the more guide-like NEW MEDITERRANEAN TRAVELLER (Revell) of Daniel E. Lorenz, and capped with Paul Wilstach's ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN (McBride). I don't mention Baedeker's ROME AND SOUTHERN ITALY, WITH EXCURSIONS TO SARDINIA, MALTA, TRIPOLI, AND CORFU (Scribners), since that is like telling a person that bread is the staff of life.

But I set out to write of the Mediterranean and not of Baedeker, so back to my list and some general volumes which make good reading for anyone contemplating a visit to the parts of the world they describe. I give them here without regard to the order of ports of call. It is a good many years now since I was in Greece (that most marvellous of lands where the beauty of nature makes understandable the beauty that ancient Athens produced), but I believe the best book upon it is still the work we were reading then, GREEK LANDS AND LETTERS (Houghton Mifflin), by Francis G. and Anne C. Allinson, which combines in happy chronicle description of place and people with archæological and historical facts. More recently there has appeared another excellent volume, Ernest A. Gardner's GREECE AND THE AEGEAN (McBride) with which might be read George Horton's HOME OF NYMPHS AND VAMPIRES (Bobbs-Merrill), a description of the Aegean Islands. And now to leave Greece, there is for Turkey that illuminating and artistic volume, H. G. Dwight's CONSTANTINOPLE SETTINGS AND TRAITS (Harpers). Travel books wear the garb of literature in Norman Douglas's OLD CALABRIA (Dodd, Mead) and D. H. Lawrence's SEA AND SARDINIA (Viking), while the tourist whto wants insight into history and customs will find illuminating matter in André Maurel's A FORTNIGHT IN NAPLES (Putnam) and Amelia Bregdova's SARDINIAN SIDESHOW (Dutton), a portrayal of life among the peasantry, of the landscape, the art, and the traditions of one of the lesser known parts of the Mediterranean lands. Upon the more familiar ones, there is, of course, a large literature. Such books as Douglas Goldring's THE FRENCH RIVIERA (Farrar & Rinehart) and his GONE ABROAD (London: Chapman), which deals mainly with Italy and the Balearic Isles; THE WAYFARER ON THE RIVIERAS (Houghton Mifflin), an informal handbook that finds room for more than the usual guidebook information, and Herbert Adams Gibbons's RIVIERA TOWNS (McBride) will all furnish the prospective traveller interesting reading.

E. F. H. does not state that her club is interested in the fiction which introduces Mediterranean scenes but it occurs to me that it might please her associates to dip into a few of the novels that have such background to lend color to their stories. That book, for instance, so popular with the oldest generation when it was young, Joseph H. Shorthouse's JOHN INGLESANT

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AND THE MEN WHO KEEP THEM

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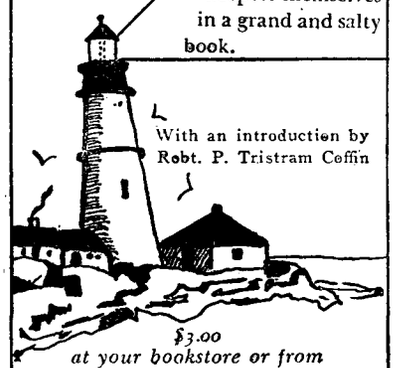

With an introduction by Robt. P. Tristram Coffin

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(Macmillan), takes Naples for part of its scene; Conrad's UNDER WESTERN EYES and SUSPENSE (Doubleday, Doran) play in Genoa, Francis Marion Crawford's STRADELLA (Macmillan), a best seller of a past day, is set in Sicily, as are also Giovanni Verga's CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA AND OTHER STORIES (translated by D. H. Lawrence and published by Harcourt, Brace) and LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY (Boni). Conrad's THE ARROW OF GOLD (Doubleday, Doran) has for locale the city of Marseilles, and, not to forget the greatest writer of them all, Boccaccio's AMOROUS FIAMETTA takes place in Naples.

Oxford English Dictionary

E. S. H. of La Grange, Ill., *very impressive and business like with a printed form on which to put his questions, asks whether he is correct in believing that the* NEW OXFORD ENGLAND DICTIONARY *contains 415,000 words, their definitions, etc., and that one of its former editors was a Dr. Onions. Also he inquires, "Do you confirm my understanding that (Lafcadio Hearn's) father's name was O'Hearn and that before he made the change he was known as Lafcadi O'Hearn?"*

Partly right, in the first instance, E. S. H., and wrong in the second, so far as I can discover. Mr. Orrick of the Oxford University Press, when I appealed to him for information on the number of words contained in his magnificent dictionary, gave me the precise figure of 414,850 for the number of definitions to be found between its covers, but said that by no means represents the number of words. It seems the O. E. D. does not count derivatives in its listing though the work of course contains them. Thus if the entry POST appears it is one of the 414,850 words announced, but its derivatives, POSTAGE, POSTBOX, POSTMAN, etc., though they duly appear, are not reckoned in the general count. As to Charles Talbot Onions, I find on consulting WHO'S WHO that he edited the volumes Su-Sz, Wh-World, X. Y. Z. and the supplementary A-K, S, and T of the OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY and that he was editor of THE SHORTER OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

As to the spelling of Lafcadio Hearn's name, I can find no authority at all for E. S. H.'s Lafcadi O'Hearn, or for the paternal O'Hearn. THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY (Scribners), the most recent work on American notabilities, and the ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA both give Charles Bush Hearn as the name of Lafcadio's father and neither makes any mention of a variant spelling. There was an Irish strain in the family but apparently it did not come out in a prefix.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 72)

THOMAS B. MACAULAY—"MACHIAVELLI"

The name of the man whose genius had illuminated all the dark places of policy, and to whose patriotic wisdom an oppressed people had owed their last chance of emancipation and revenge, passed into a proverb of infamy.

The New Books

Art

EVERYDAY ART AT SCHOOL AND HOME. By D. D. Sawer. Scribners. 1935. $4.50.

ART IN DAILY LIFE FOR YOUNG AND OLD. The same. Scribners. 1935. $3.75.

The aim of these two books is to stimulate interest in design as a high pleasure, and to this end to awaken interest in the wonder of appearances. The teaching is simple, without condescension. Every means, particularly citation of relevant poetry, is used to beguile the novice. Technically the method is that of swift indication, and it is illustrated by numerous well chosen examples. The author is a teacher, and she addresses primarily teachers of drawing in schools. Any one interested in the spirit of drawing will profit by reading these books, amateurs of mature age quite as much as school children. "Art in Daily Life" is the briefer and more elementary of the pair. The make is English, and for English books they are unduly heavy in the hand. For their well informed enthusiasm they are superior to most manuals of this sort.

F. J. M., JR.

Belles Lettres

THE VOICE OF ENGLAND. By Charles Grosvenor Osgood. Harpers. 1935. $3.

This survey of English literature from its beginnings to Masefield and Housman is described as a panoramic view. Its distinction, however, is that it is written by a highly competent scholar in a thoroughly readable style. Professor Osgood has wisely put his emphasis upon "the biographical part" of literature. Thus the book, while not sacrificing criticism or the background of events, is humanized by a sympathetic and often shrewd discussion of the personalities of the great English writers as they show themselves in literature. It should be a good book for a survey course but its best use, we believe, will be for the general reader who wishes an outline of English literary history into which he can fit his reading and desires that outline to partake of some of the qualities of literature itself.

H. S. C.

Fiction

THE WILLOUGHBYS. By Alice Brown. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

This is a novel which sets problems at the beginning, at the end shows them solved by simple goodness and faith, and makes the solution credible. Parson Wil-

(*Continued on next page*)

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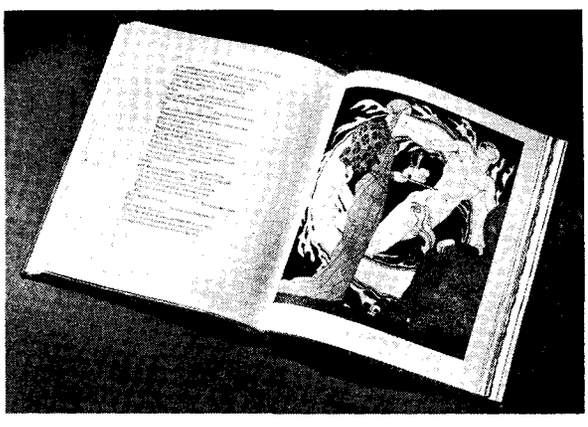

With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton

THIS de-luxe edition of William Shakespeare's tragedy was printed in England at the Curwen Press on hand-made paper. It is a large quarto (10¾"x13½"), bound in full, blue English buckram, and contains 10 full-page illustrations by Yunge, one of which is displayed above. The book was originally offered at $15.00 a copy, a prodigal gesture by David Magee of San Francisco, the publisher—the volume might well have sold for $35.00. The whole edition was limited to 240 copies (of which 200 were for sale) *and you can now purchase one of 60 which remain for only* $6.85. . . . Watch these pages next week and following for announcements of special prices on fine editions of Norman Douglas's SOUTH WIND and Suetonius's LIVES OF THE TWELVE CÆSARS.

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The New Books

(Continued from preceding page)

loughby was a man who had always been a little too other-worldly for his flock, who had found faith so easy himself that he had not been much help in their difficulties, and who was at last supplanted by a younger man. And his daughter, forced by the straitened circumstances of a clergyman's daughter and a teacher's fiancé to live a long way from her lover, felt herself losing him; and she was also distressed by the problem of what to do for a girl who was half mad with remorse for the death of her father while estranged from her. The action from these circumstances is precipitated by the absence of Mrs. Willoughby; she, one gathers, was a fatally protective woman, who solaced the bodies and stifled the minds of those she loved, and it was only when she went to Europe that the parson and his daughter learned to face their problems, and to count on each other.

It is a pity that we are not allowed to see Mrs. Willoughby before she leaves, but only after her return, when she is, rather unconvincingly, broadened in mind; for a disapproving, satiric portrait of her might have given the book a quality of salt which it lacks. As it stands, "The Willoughbys" comes perilously near being too sweet. It escapes, thanks to the author's serene conviction of her rightness, the quiet grace of the style, and the warmth of some of the minor characters; but the escape is a narrow one.

B. D.

BETTER THAN DYING. By Robert Faherty. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.

This certainly is not "*the* dramatic and disturbing novel of the men and women in a Southern jail," which the publishers proclaim, but just *a* story, just *another* story, and a rather poor one at that.

Short, however, as it is of being in any class with Hans Fallada's "World Outside," it does present a similarly authentic prison setting. Conditions in county jails, not exclusively in the South by any means, have been notorious. The most common of the abuses in such American institutions are adequately presented in this novel. There is the unjust favoritism shown trusties, there is the contemptible use of stool pigeons, the unnecessary brutality excused with "justifiable" alibis, there is the psychopathic enjoyment of the antics of the insane (not entirely unknown, either, in New York City institutions), the bestiality, and particularly the utter drabness of the average prisoner. The book, perhaps, is so dreary just because it does give an accurate picture of the average morose, stupid, and thoroughly uninteresting inmates and their equally gracious keepers. In addition to these straight roles there is a character part—that of Uncle Billy, the warden, having all the traditional make-up and personality required of such a gent.

Police court news reporting is the background attributed to the author, Robert Faherty. Whatever the experience, it failed to produce the breeze generally expected from such a source. The book appears, somehow, like a vice crusade described in the tempo of an Arbor Day editorial. Poise and dignity, however, are as foreign to its pages as are wit and glamour. It is a stodgy book and a flat one. Like circus posters, first novels continue to attract customers. This one will leave the reader much more weary than wise.

R. M.

MOSCOW EXCURSION. By P. L. Travers. Reynal & Hitchcock. 1935. $1.50.

Despite the warnings and explanations of the preface as to the intimate and personal character of this book, nevertheless it deals with Soviet Russia and as such is rather a cheap caricature of the latter.

In striving to be funny, the author fails to remain within the limits of probability and good taste. His facts are exaggerated and distorted, his characters act like maniacs or morons. For instance: a group of Red Army soldiers, sheepish and stupid as represented by the author, asking a lot of silly questions, completely fail to understand why the English do not kill the king. Or the story of a visit to a "high official," who in the middle of a serious discussion on Marxism and communism, overhearing the word "lemon," forgets all his principles and convictions and rushes off with the author to fetch the lemons.

Luckily the preface points out the fact that all the characters are "synthesized" and warns against attributing words or actions to any particular person. Therefore, it is quite possible that the "high official" carried on the discussion, whereas some other individual was fond of lemons. The combination of the two figures in one may be funny but highly suspicious as an authentic Soviet character.

Incidentally, only once does the author succeed in being truthful and funny at the same time. Due to the bad English of the guide, the description of a collective farm appears grotesque and absurd, but in its impossibility—convincing and "screamingly" funny. This episode goes to show how really amusing the book might have been had it not been for the author's insincerity. Assuming an attitude of "good-natured" condescension, Miss Travers thinks she can hide a definitely prejudiced mind. Opinions, sympathies and aversions are impossible to conceal. They will always slip out, no matter how well disguised. If the author has any convictions, she ought to have the courage to express them openly.

V. N. Y.

Miscellaneous

THE TARAHUMARA, An Indian Tribe of Northern Mexico. By Wendell C. Bennett and Robert M. Zingg. University of Chicago Press. 1935. $4.

This is an excellent and complete study, frankly technical, of a powerful tribe of Indians (estimated at 40,000), still preserving an unusual degree of aboriginal culture. Much that is prototypical of our own Pueblos is found here in its primitive form. Despite the non-popular character of the book, the presentation of a native American culture still in such vigorous condition carries its own peculiar interest even to laymen.

O. La F.

(Continued on page 23)

★ **CHRISTOPHER MORLEY** *offers* "hearty congratulations on this valuable and entertaining book."

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Spring of Youth

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Should like to add a word to what bright-eyed Mr. Boutell (our BOOKSTORE DEPARTMENT) said last week: his new Storage Rack or Display Stand for the SATURDAY REVIEW is really a corker, and not only pleasing to the Trade but handy and decorous for the private subscriber. ☞Only 75 cents: Mr. Boutell calls it the Silver Salver, and it is: the metal is argentine washed, and limned in Sinful Scarlet—as Mark Twain said of his Oxford gown, "there is no such red outside the arteries of an archangel." ☞Mr. Louis Greenfield who hastens about town allotting the REVIEW to newsstands is getting mighty strong leg sinews, like Discobolus. ☞A propos, F. P. A. was asking for the provenance of Sam Butler's *Psalm of Montreal:* he'll find it in Butler's *Note Books* (Dutton)—one of the few books no rationalist can afford to do without. ☞Some day the REVIEW might even have to have a Ford station wagon to cover the Metropolitan Perimeter. ☞Newark, for instance, is one of our asymptotes that is a bigger Book Town than usually realized. ☞The fact that Shelley's grandfather came from Newark was sure to influence the town sooner or later. ☞Always liked Mark Twain's definition of a classic: "something that everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read." ☞By that definition Joyce's *Ulysses* (gosh what a dull book we always found it) is a classic already. ☞Old Q is far too old now to kid himself about the books he really finds readable. ☞There has been more hysteria and horsewind in literary criticism the past 15 years than in a whole century preceding. ☞Shirring his own eggs in his humble skillet, old Q prophesies that George Santayana's quiet and finely thought novel, to appear some months hence, might operate on a few readers as a purgation of taste. ☞Very few people are worthy of being Born Again; perhaps William Dean Howells is one of them? ☞What an uproarious jape if in the longest run the placable Howells proved to be a better writer than the igneous Mark Twain he adored. ☞The attempt by Harpers to keep alive all the odds and ends and tags of Mark did him much harm with the judicious. ☞How few there are of the latter, but how important. ☞Q has just filled in a Personality Analysis blank for the Columbia Summer School and is apprehensive.

☞Fly-specks as collectors' punctilios are the theme of a delightful piece by Professor Robert M. Smith (Lehigh Univ.) in the summer issue of *The Colophon,* the book collectors' quarterly that has now started on its new series. ☞Prof. Smith notes that the upper dot of an apparent colon on the title-page of a supposedly "unique" Shakespeare First Folio proves to be muscatory. ☞What an excellent word for fly-swatter is muscatorium. ☞Any pilgrims in town for the summer might well drop up to 229 W. 43 and see the exhibit the *Colophon* is showing. ☞No obligation; never any obligation; in this said-to-be foundering civilization nothing obligates. ☞*Nil obligandum* is Q's motto. ☞But Renewals to the Saturday Review are coming in excellently. ☞Thelma and Otto Ziemer have opened a sprightly secondhand bookshop at 2123 Kittredge St., Berkeley, Calif.—they say they *almost* took our suggestion and called it *Ampersand* but succumbed to the rage for initials and named it the TOZ. "We actually dust the books," they say, "and we have *Dreamthorp.*" They had the works of Oscar Firkins but decided to keep them for themselves, not sell them.

☞Extraordinary: a publisher who has actually planned and laid out and prepared, already, his autumn promotion campaign. A loud shout for Houghton Mifflin who have sent us their folio pamphlet showing in facsimile their chief advertising spreads for the fall campaign. ☞"The most salable Autumn List we have had in years," they say; and they have the gumption to back up their convictions with intelligent plans, not just helter-skelter improvisations. ☞Among their books that should specially interest S.R.L. readers are Bliss Perry's reminiscences, *And Gladly Teach;* and *The Tale of Genji* (by Lady Murasaki) available for the first time at a moderate price. ☞This comic world: think of people scuttling to try to read *Ulysses* and not knowing *Genji.* ☞How blessed, how satisfying, what Silvery Salvage, that the really most entrancing books will never be overrun by readers. ☞Q is a literary supercilian, thanks God there remains one secret pleasure of living where the majority can never be right. ☞He has a bulimy for the best of its kind, whether Walter Pater or Westbrook Pegler. ☞*Headed for a Hearse* by Jonathan Latimer (Crime Club) is a devil of a good hardboiled detective story; genuinely witty and pringled with surprise; it has the flavor of straight gin; it has overtones of silver and scarlet (like the Review's new Display Stand) and without any balloony pretension is brisk, bawdy and beneficent, a real work of art.

☞The Bookstore Department is delighted to announce that the old and respected firm of F. F. Hansell & Bro., Ltd., of New Orleans has joined the ranks of the bookstores who are selling the SRL, particularly as M. E. Hansell, the vice-president, concludes his letter: "We will take pleasure in giving the Weekly a prominent place in our book department." What a spot for the new display unit! ☞C. N. G., a subscriber in Chattanooga, Tennessee, takes exception to the growing list of "treasure books." She mentions a number of books which might have been included: *A Lost Lady* by Willa Cather, *The Puppet Master* by Robert Nathan—or *Jonah* by the same author, *The Crock of Gold* by James Stephens, *Memoirs of a Midget* by Walter de la Mare. These are only a few of the titles; we haven't space for more. She concludes by asking, "Don't you remember *Trilby* and *Cranford?*"

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*

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. . . quiet uproar

At rare intervals (to quote again from the writings of the founders) your correspondents find themselves falling back upon the ancient serenities and quietly publishing a good book.

A quiet book is often overlooked in the furore of the word traffic because its competitors for public favor say less but speak louder. Occasionally, though, the still voice is heard, as in the case of *Bambi, A Life in the Woods*—or *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.*

And then the quiet book causes what can only be described as a quiet uproar.

In this spirit *The Inner Sanctum* is moved to refer to a book called *The San Luca.* It was published last week. Your correspondents do not yet know for what harbors or becalming this gentle and modest little ship is headed. To date it has sold a total of only 1,142 copies.

But some breezes are beginning to stir, to judge by the first comments of the critics:

"Leisurely, charming. The San Luca *has a pleasant and authentic Old World flavor."* LEWIS GANNETT, New York Herald Tribune.

"This book is unique. It has many kinds of appeal—all related with gayety, humor, charm." The New York Times Book Review.

"If you are hot and bothered—and who isn't these days—buy, borrow or steal The San Luca." Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The San Luca is written and illustrated by CILETTE OFAIRE. It tells of life aboard The San Luca, the little boat on which she and her husband lived as they drifted along the gentle waterways of France, Germany, Holland and Czechoslovakia.

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—ESSANDESS.

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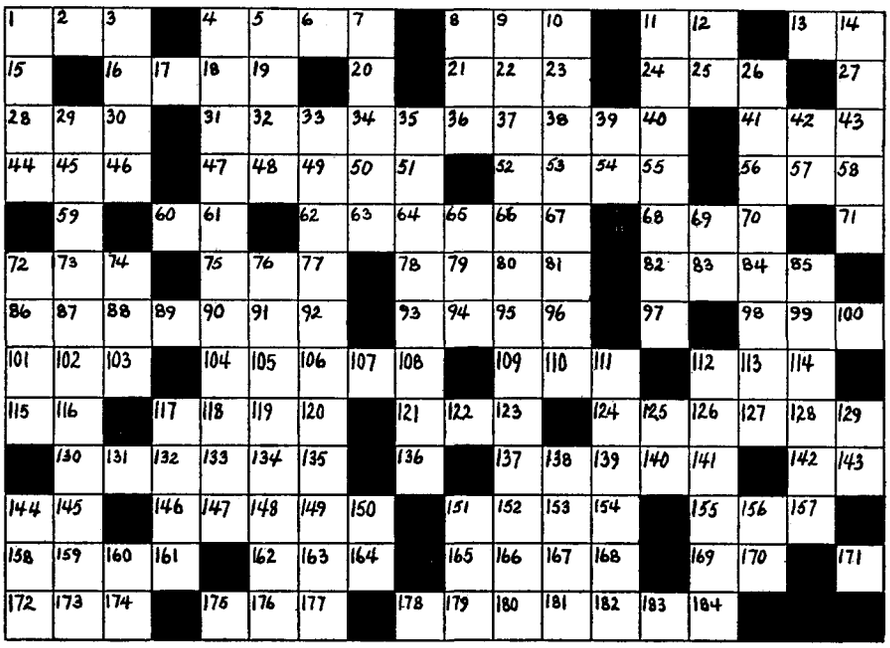
Double-Crostics: No. 73

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-one words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. Musical setting of liturgical sequence (2 wds.).	91 155 107 132 80 145 61 32 71 90 76
II. Deceptive, unreal.	65 29 127 69 141 118 102 54
III. Hindrances.	15 148 26 151 171 88 47 96 129
IV. Where Robin Hood was born.	137 48 52 115 180 131 67 122 42 36
V. American woman novelist (1862—) (whole name).	103 164 59 70 110 89 22 113 45 10 35 14
VI. Judaeo-German.	114 167 16 86 182 124 34
VII. Educated.	62 20 153 55 177 104 92 111
VIII. Involving addition.	94 108 81 159 7 97 49 44
IX. Wise counsellor in the "Iliad."	160 106 6 82 73 100
X. Outcast, pariah.	28 144 154 168 5 79 128 101 43 138
XI. Always considerate (comp.).	50 64 9 87 27 146 18 85 184 125 165 175 143 2
XII. Disreputable.	149 13 56 117 152 46 72
XIII. Followers of an Oriental religion.	93 130 112 120 105 136 98 121 173
XIV. Accompanied.	179 99 174 38 119 161 126 78
XV. Inexact, arbitrary (comp.).	58 74 181 23 116 31 109 156 147 142 68
XVI. To spread by rumor.	134 1 63 39 170
XVII. Ornament worked in low relief.	75 163 60 11 30 123 19 53
XVIII. Little songs.	95 83 162 183 40 176 66 157 21 77 139 24
XIX. Pluto's domain (2 words).	37 84 158 25 166 41 57 51 8 135
XX. Hollow, vain.	172 169 4 33 150
XXI. Ignoble, gross.	178 12 17 3 133 140

History and Social Science

(*Continued from page 9*)

ciology the establishment of more and more knowledge respecting uniformities in human affairs (or laws, if anyone prefers). This knowledge is precious and indispensable to life and practice. But such uniformities or laws are conditioned and/or determined by surrounding actualities or occurrences in long time-depth, which are excluded from economics and sociology and relegated to written history. If sociology takes in all human occurrences in time, it becomes history, and its fate hangs on the fate of history as a science. In that case it is written history.

Since this seems to be true, how can history be shoved out of doors, if knowledge respecting the realities of human affairs is our goal? To dismiss history is to dismiss immense sections of the total actuality from which the economist or sociologist selects his parts for coverage by his symbols—words and figures. How can the economist or sociologist know that he has selected all the relevant parts necessary for his operations? He cannot. Hence he can only make at best a highly conditioned science out of his "data"—a science conditioned by things he knows not of or ignores.

If we had a science of economics or sociology we should have also a science of history. In that case the occurrences of history would be reduced to order and law, for order and law form the essence of science. If history is governed by law and we knew the law, we could predict the future, as the astronomer predicts the position of the planets for 1968, let us say. In that case mankind would know its fate and could do nothing about it. It would be chained to its known destiny. . . .

If these tentative conclusions are sound, it would seem that those who speak boldly about making a science out of economics or sociology have some preliminary tasks before them. Are the data of human affairs identical with the data of the physical sciences? On what ground are we compelled to assume that they are and that all of them or any large bulk of them (torn from the context) can be reduced to order and law? Since history as actuality includes all the possible data of economics and sociology, and history cannot be made a science, how can the laws, uniformities, and orders of economics and sociology be anything more than temporal, provisional, partial, conditional, and experimental axioms and maxims? . . .

Perhaps, after all, the poor historian is not necessarily a low sort of fellow with a poor mind. A part of his troubles may be due to the nature of human affairs with which he is trying to grapple. Mayhap, some of our great men of science would diminish in stature if they worked as hard at history as they do at chemistry, physics, or biology. At all events it would be interesting to see one of them tackle the job.

Before this adventurer in human affairs has gone very far he will discover that any system of economics or sociology is made out of the occurrences of history (unless it is pure mythology), and that its data are enclosed by and enmeshed with the surrounding data of history. If

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not merely utopian, any system of economics or sociology, even though confined to one country and age, is an interpretation of all history—of which that country and age are parts. It is and can be nothing less, whether confessed or not. Any policy of control over human affairs is likewise an interpretation of history—history to come, for it raises the fateful question: Will it work in practice, in the world of fact evolving in time? And the only possible test of the soundness or validity of any system of economics or sociology is the test of coming history; that is, will the system survive as conviction and guide to practise or will it be discarded, as Comte and Herbert Spencer have been discarded, and as Pareto is already being discarded? Whether a system of economics or sociology survives anywhere except in the dust of libraries depends upon the degree of its realism, its continuing appropriateness for life and thought amid the remorseless changes of human affairs in time—which is the subject of historical inquiry.

In the end the economic and sociological explorer who takes off his blinders and pursues his theme to the fulness of its subject matter will find himself entangled in history despite his anger and resistance. If he puts history out of the door every morning, it will come back in the night, to perch like the raven on the bust over his desk. And its warning note to him will be: Evermore.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

New Milford, Con.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

THE ROMANCE OF MOUNTAINEERING. By R. L. G. Irving. Dutton. 1935. $5.

Modern inventions have gone very far in robbing the physical world of its mysteries. The Dark Continent has long since been thoroughly opened to daylight. Even the vast deserts or Arabia Felix have yielded their secrets to the rising tide of motorized life. There are still large stretches in the Upper Amazon that remain unexplored, doubly protected by the plague of insects and fever and the nature of their morasses and jungles. Aside from these, little remains inviolate save the great mountains.

An expedition has flown over Everest, but its summit remains unscaled, and it will be a long while before the inner fastnesses of the Himalayas are subdued by motor transport. In that country where, as Kipling phrased it, "The miles stand on end," there is yet a vast field for the mountaineer to conquer.

Mr. Irving in his extremely interesting volume traces the history of mountaineering from its early days down to the present time, and does so in a most readable and stimulating manner. Beginning in 1492 with the ascent of Mont Aiguille, he takes us down to the first victory on Mont Blanc, and from then on to the widening of the field with the various successes and tragedies in Asia.

Mountaineers will welcome the volume and readers who hitherto have not felt the call, will become easy converts.

The book is embellished with numerous illustrations.

K. R.

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PRESENTABLE young man, among other things an excellent, experienced, NON-gum-smacking stenographer, desires work near Chicago University. R. Davee, Box 1697, Helena, Montana.

PUBLISHERS: College graduate, white, Christian and respectably 25 wants to secure a permanent position with a publisher. Desires to learn the business thoroughly with intention of making it his life work. College work chiefly in Comparative Literature but has since studied Bookkeeping and Commercial Law. Has edited two (artistically) successful little magazines and has published a couple of books by well known poets which have received excellent press notices, both literary and typographical. Has a soothing manner in dealings with authors. Box 622-A.

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X-Y-Z. Write following in order given, numbering letters consecutively:—name of country in which you live; first name of boat mentioned; Weekly mentioned (two words); your birth month; first month following your birth month; third month following your birth month; tenth month following your birth month. Write: 5,6,2,11,6,7 - 53,4,7,28 - 29,30,31,1 - 13, 14,27,20,24,7,8 - 5,1,45,11 - 16,24,9,27,20,16 - 4, 10,5 - 16,28,19,17,24,22,25 - 51,4,8,8,9,7 - 2,6,27, 27,1,19,1 - 45,6,32,19,16,26,24,24,45,8,17,1 - 18,28. May my spelling match your mathematics!

ROBERT R., PHILADELPHIA. Why not call for general delivery mail? My letter returned. Gambler.

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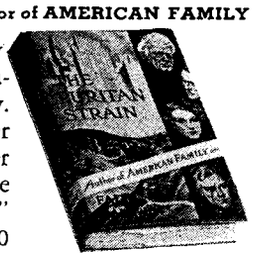

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